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THE FIRST SNOW.

BY F. C. B.

Gay bloom the flowers in the springtime set,
And streaky apples linger yet;
'Twas autumn but a week ago,
Why, then, these flakes of winter snow?
Summer's last rose they disarrayed,
The white she dreamed in peace to fade.
One swallow was inclined to stay;
The white flecks frightened him away.

Winter's cold shock who first endure
Think him unkind and premature;
Complain the summer was too brief,
And moralize o'er each dead leaf
But as he grips with firmer hold
We grow more careless of the cold,
Joy in the sparkle of his show,
And nestle by his fireside glow.

Dismayed, we note the first gray hair,
Soon others come—we cease to care:
Then gray, outnumbering the brown,
And soon white winter settles down.
And when from youth we've passed to age
We've learned our lesson page by page,
To take what comes for weal or woe
And never fret about the snow.

NAMELESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "UNDER WILD SKIES," "ALONG THE LINE," "PENRIVEL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

I THOUGHT you would come!"

"I only got back last night."

He kissed her passionately on brow and lip. He knew quite well probably he would never so hold her again, that when he had said what was in his mind his lips and hers would, perhaps, never meet.

He had cared for very few people in his life, but he did care for Lilian—how much he never knew until he realized he might have to give her up.

"You know all?" she whispered.

"Everything. My darling, it is a cruel fate for you—father, home, and name—to lose all in a week."

She raised her blue eyes to his, as though she would read him through and through.

"Your mother!"

"My mother is ambitious; she has very little sympathy with such a trial as ours."

"And you have come to say 'good-bye.'"

Unless kisses were his answer he gave none.

He was vainly thinking how it would be possible to satisfy them both—his love and his ambition.

"It is hard to give you up," she murmured.

"Need you do so? You love me, Lilian?"

"I love you——"

"And you are not ambitious; I have heard you say again and again you cared nothing for wealth and rank."

"I don't for them for myself."

"And you love me—you would give up something for my sake?"

The clinging touch of her arms was his last answer.

"Dear," he said, with a new, strange gentleness; "I am not rich. As things are I cannot marry you, and give you the position and wealth which are due to Lady Trevlyn. At least one-half my income is really my mother's—hers to dispose of as she pleases."

"And she would disinherit you?"

"Yes."

"Then I will release you from your word Ronald. It is hard to give you up, but you must not make such a sacrifice!"

"There is another way he whispered, passionately. "Be my wife, my love, my darling, without taking the whole world into our confidence? Let us keep our secret until brighter days come! I will find you a home where my mother's anger can never touch you. You wouldn't be less happy because no one knew that we had followed the advice of our own hearts. Leave this place alone: I will meet you in London, and in half-an-hour no one on earth will be able to separate us!"

He held her still in that close, passionate embrace; his lips were pressed to her cheek, his hand toyed with her waving hair.

She knew she loved him better than life itself; in the wide world he was all she had.

How could she refuse him? How could she give him up? Her heart beat as loudly as if it would break its bonds.

She could hear his suppressed emotion in his deep, agitated breathing as he waited for her answer.

* * * * * *

The demeanor of the three who were staying at Earlsmere would certainly have puzzled anyone who did not know how strangely they had been brought together.

By tacit agreement Mr. Martin and Captain Beaumont ignored the subject of the unhappy child, who had been called Lilian Earl, although both felt deep sympathy for her sorrows.

Each saw that it was impossible to aid her or to devise any plan for her benefit until they saw the course adopted by Sir Ronald Trevlyn.

The lawyer and soldier both believed he would be led by his mother, and utterly renounce all claim on Lord Earl's adopted daughter; but still to do so would bring on him the scorn of all honest men; and the girl herself was so beautiful, so lovely in her desolate grief, that a faint hope still survived that Sir Ronald would be true to his promised word.

After his interview with Lilian they watched him ride away, and then Mr. Martin sent a message to his destined ward, begging her to allow him a private consultation with her.

The message returned was that Miss Lilian was very tired, and had already retired to rest; early to-morrow morning she would be glad to see Mr. Martin.

"It must be all over!" commented the lawyer to his friend. "Well, he must have had a heart as hard as the nether mill-stone, to desert that poor child now. I suppose she is quite broken down, and so refuses to see anyone."

To their surprise Lilian joined them at breakfast the next morning, and it seemed to both that she was less sad before that interview with Sir Ronald.

Her eyes shone with the light of hope, her voice had lost its mournful despair, when the cloth was removed the lawyer himself then turned the conversation to his wishes.

"I am going home this afternoon, Miss Lilian, and I want you to come with me! My wife and daughter will give you a warm welcome, and we will try to make you feel at home amongst us."

"And I ask you to remember!" put in Cecil Beaumont, with a strange eagerness, "that I am the only living kinsman of the lady you so long believed your mother. I regret to say that I have neither wife nor sister; my mother is too infirm to receive visitors, or it would have given me real pleasure to ask you to make my house your home until your plans were in some degree settled."

Lilian Earl looked steadily at the two men, who thus in their chivalry, wished to comfort her in her loneliness.

She knew they meant just what they said; that had she closed with Mr. Martin's offer she would have been treated by him as an honored guest.

She sighed deeply. She was wondering why, since these two acquitted her of all blame, and saw in her position only cause for pity.

Sir Ronald and his mother thought differently, and even the man who professed to love her as his own soul was ashamed of her.

"You are very kind!" said Lilian, falteringly. "I shall never forget your goodness to me while I live!"

"And you will come?" said Mr. Martin, briskly. "Then I fear you have a busy day before you. I must go up by the five o'clock express—can you be ready by then? You know, of course, that everything that has been called yours—or that the late lord gave you—is yours, undisputably, to remove and retain. It will be impossible to take them all with us to-night, but if you will make a list of the articles I will see that they are forwarded without delay!"

"Can I help you?" asked Cecil kindly. "I am an old soldier, Miss Lilian, and used to making myself of service!"

"I am very much obliged," she said, gently, "but I think I would rather do it quite alone."

"And you will surely be ready by five o'clock?"

"I will be ready!"

She turned to reach the door which Captain Beaumont held open for her. As she passed him he said, simply—

"Keep up your courage, Miss Lilian! No one in the whole world can think of you with anything but pity. If there be any shame or disgrace in this sorrow it will fall on another head than yours!"

She look up into his face with swimming eyes, and asked, sadly—

"Not on papa's! Oh, I could bear anything but that! I should be more miserable than I am, if I thought anyone could lay his goodness to me as a reproach to his memory!"

"I did not mean the shame and disgrace would be Lord Earl's!"

She had left the room, when a sudden impulse seemed to seize her, and she hurried back, meeting the two gentlemen as they stood in the doorway.

"Indeed, indeed!" she cried, passionately, "I am not ungrateful! We may not think alike about Sir Ronald. You have not known him—you cannot understand him as I do, but, indeed, I thank you both for all your kindness to me. While I live I shall never forget it!"

Before they knew her intention she had raised the Captain's hand and pressed it to her lips; then, as she paid the same tribute to Mr. Martin, she murmured, wistfully—

"I may seem to disappoint you. You may think I spurn your kindness—but do not judge me too harshly. Remember I have no mother to keep me and I am so young—hardly nineteen!"

"My dear," said the lawyer, gently, "I shall never judge you harshly, or have hard thoughts of you! But it is eleven o'clock, and indeed you have a busy day before you. You had better go and see to your packing."

To their life's end the two men never forgot that moment, as they stood side by side, with the girl's slight figure before them.

Her blue eyes wet with tears; her little hands locked nervously together; her whole frame trembling with eagerness, as she begged them, whatever happened, not to judge her harshly, but, through all, to think as kindly of her as they could.

Their faith was to be sorely tried—how sorely they little guessed; but though both were keen, shrewd men of the world their hearts were leal and true, and in spite of the cruel, black cloud, so soon to fasten itself upon Lilian, they were faithful to their promise.

Never did either of them breathe a harsh word of her—never could they quite believe she was anything but innocent and true.

She lived in their memory, the sweet-faced girl they last saw standing before them in piteous entreaty, her blue eyes moist with tears, the autumn sunshine making a halo round her golden hair.

"It's a sad business," remarked the lawyer, as Lilian disappeared. "It's clear to me the man's a villain; but I'm afraid she doesn't think so, poor girl."

Cecil Beaumont sighed. Never since he lost his cousin Nora had any woman, gentle or simple, had power to stir his heart to-day.

If he had been ten years younger he would have flung himself at Lilian's feet, and begged her to take his name, rank, and fortune; all he had, so that she would let him love her and try to make her happy.

"I wish duels weren't over!" he said, vindictively. "I should like to put a bullet into that heartless scoundrel."

"I expect it is his mother's doing."

The captain shook his head.

"A man doesn't mind his mother's advice when he's come to the age of Ronald Trevlyn. Besides, Martin, you didn't see so much of him as I did. I went prepared to sympathize with his disappointment; and hang it, before I had been there ten minutes, I was wondering how Lord Earl could ever have accepted him for a son-in-law."

The morning passed busily enough. Considering, it might be a year or more before the new Earl could be found and brought to take possession of his estate, it behooved Mr. Martin to see that things were well looked after in the interval.

The butler and the housekeeper, who had grown gray in the service of the Earls, and who had been left in charge all through the years of the late lord's wanderings, undertook their old responsibility.

A few under-servants would remain to assist them; the rest were paid and dismissed at once.

The grand apartments, with their lovely furniture muffled in brown-holland, were locked up.

The blinds of all the chief rooms were lowered, and a sum agreed upon to keep the place in good condition.

Mr. Martin was a business man, and he got through all this quietly enough before the luncheon bell sounded; anyone might have believed the last six months had been a dream, and that Lord Earl had never ended his foreign wanderings by bringing his adopted darling to the lovely home, he fully meant to be her own.

"It's dreary work, sir," said Mrs. Mason, with a tear; "worse than it's been seeing the place shut up before. We always had the hope then my lord would come home some day, and live among us, and now——"

"Now you must look forward to his heir, my good woman," said the lawyer, kindly. "It may take a long time to find your master's next-of-kin, but found he shall be some day, and I am quite sure the hope of welcoming the last of the Earls to his own estate will bear you up through the dreary time that is coming."

"And Miss Lilian?" asked the butler, eagerly. "Oh! Mr. Martin, is it true what they say?"

"What do they say?"

"That our dear young lady is nobody's child, and Sir Ronald Trevlyn—bad luck to him—has broken off his engagement?"

"It is quite true."

"Then he ought to be ashamed of himself."

"I think so too, Mason, but saying so won't alter things. I am going to take Miss Lilian home with me this afternoon. I've got a daughter much about her age, and my wife is a first-rate hand at making young people happy."

The worthy pair looked at each other and coughed.

John made an energetic sign to his wife but she declined to be spokeswoman, so at last, rubbing his forehead reflectively, the old man began—

"We have been in service a long time, sir Mary and me—nigh forty years in this family—and we've saved a tidy bit of money, haven't we Mary?"

"Very tidy indeed, John."

Mr. Martin groaned."

"Don't tell me you're tired of service, and want to start a public-house on your own account, after we've made all the arrangements for you staying here."

"No, sir; we'll stay here as long as we're let; only, you see, we've no children, and no particular use for our savings."

It came out then.

The simple, kindly couple wanted to bestow their all upon the girl they had thought their mistress.

They would gladly have given up all their savings rather than their master's darling should lack the comforts to which she had been bred.

The lawyer thought he had rarely heard a more generous offer.

He refused it decidedly.

He told them that he was a wealthy man, with only one child, who would soon leave him for a husband's care.

He and his wife were prepared to give Lilian an easeful home, and when their own daughter left them the place she had so long occupied in their house.

He added that he would himself tell Lilian of their kindness, and if ever she needed help or money he knew she would not be ashamed to apply to those who had spent their life in the service of the Earls.

Lilian did not appear at luncheon, but there was little remarkable in that, considering the amount of packing upon her hands.

Mrs. Mason had been assisting her dear young lady, and reported to the gentleman that Miss Lilian just seemed like one dazed; she had no interest in what was left behind; all concern for the future seemed to have left her.

"Poor girl!" commented the Captain. "She will be better anywhere away from here."

Mrs. Mason shook head mournfully, and returned to her charge.

"Mason, were you very happy when you were going to be married?"

The good woman started.

Of all subjects in the world she had least expected Miss Lilian to speak of love or marriage.

"I think I was, Miss. You see, John and I had known each other since we was boy and girl, and I knew I could trust him to be good to me, come what would."

Lilian left the dresses she was folding, and sat down on the sofa trembling from head to foot.

"You're just tired out, miss I'd better finish off these boxes, and you just rest a bit on the sofa."

"I think I will go out; the air will do me good, and, Mason, I must say good-bye to the place. I may never see it again. Before I go, I must just see where they have laid papa."

For the village churchyard sloped down to the Earlsmere grounds, and only the still, cool waters of the river Mere separated the two.

A little rustic bridge had been built across it for the convenience of some dead-and-gone Lord Earl and his family.

"You'd better not, Miss Lilian; it'll be too much for you; and as to not seeing the place again, why Mr. Martin's sure to bring you some day. He seems a right, kind gentleman, miss. I can understand now how your poor papa always trusted him so well."

But Lilian persisted.

She took a light basket on her arm, which Mason concluded was full of flowers to strew upon the new-made grave. She threw a scarf round her shoulders, and put on a broad-brimmed hat.

"And so you knew John ever since you can remember?" said the girl, suddenly, as though Mrs. Mason had only just made the statement. "And you've been married forty years. Were you ever sorry, Mason?"

The old woman marvelled at the question but she answered very promptly.

"Never once, Miss Lilian. A woman never is sorry she's married unless she has a bad husband. Heaven help her then, poor creature!"

Lilian threw her arms round the housekeeper's neck, and kissed her fondly; when the old woman could look up the girl had vanished, and her own face was wet with the young lady's tears.

The carriage had been ordered soon after four, for it was a long drive to the railway station.

The luggage was in its place, and the gentlemen had waited some minutes without any sign of Lilian's coming, when Mr. Martin asked the old housekeeper if the young lady would be long?

"I thought she was here, sir. I have not seen her since she went out."

"Went out?"

"She said she must say good-bye to the place, sir. I thought perhaps she had gone to the churchyard."

There was another train at six.

Neither of the travelers fumed or vexed at the unexpected delay.

Mr. Martin directed the carriage to meet him at the front entrance to the church. He knew enough of the place to tell that if he walked through the grounds to the churchyard, aroused Lilian, and they both joined the carriage there, very little time would be lost.

He was not an irresolute or nervous man. In general he never shrank from a disagreeable duty, but on this occasion some strange impulse made him turn to Captain Beaumont.

"Come with me, Cecil."

In perfect silence the two men walked through the pleasant gardens to the rustic gate, which led to the river's banks—the bridge was nearly opposite it.

The recent rain had swollen the river, and its waters now looked "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," as they swept past in a rapid current.

The Mere is one of the loveliest rivers in that part of Blankshire, but neither of the two heeded its beauty; they were looking at three homely objects lying on the bank—a broad-brimmed hat, a plain black scarf, and a light basket half filled with splendid flowers.

An awful presentiment came to them both that the girl who was nobody's daughter, whose love Sir Ronald had flung from him in scorn because she was poor and nameless, had sought for herself a home and forgetfulness in those deep, blue waters.

Mr. Martin had seen many a solemn sight had heard many a tale of misery, but nothing had ever touched his heart more than the scene before him.

He looked at his friend, and saw that the soldier was sobbing like a little child.

"How could he?" cried Cecil Beaumont, brokenly. "The cruel heartless scoundrel. The sin of suicide is his, not hers, for he drove her to it as surely as though he had put a cup of poison to her lips and made her drain it to the dregs. Oh why are such mean, pitiful creatures allowed to breathe? I shall never think of Ronald Trevlyn but as Lilian's destroyer! A curse on him now and for ever! A curse upon his present and his future! May this afternoon's work haunt him to the dying day, and her fair, sad face trouble him even in his weary dreams!"

CHAPTER V.

GERALD CARRUTHERS, Earl of Leigh, was one of the proudest noblemen of the day; but when he stood on the threshold of that gloomy house in the narrow street leading from the Tottenham Court-road, he took Mrs. Hall's horny hand in his as respectfully as though she had been a countess, as he thanked her for her kindness to the sweet-faced, sad young lodger whom he believed to have been in very truth his wife.

"It was not much I could do, sir," said the good woman, simply. "Mrs. Carr was too proud to let me help her. She just seemed to get thinner and sadder every day; and at last one morning, when I think she had spent all she had in the world, she just sat down and wrote a letter. When it was posted she seemed to watch all day long for an answer. Three long days passed, and it never came. I was busy myself at that time, and I didn't see much of her; but we never had a wrong word—never; and I'm sure I'd never have asked her for the bit of money she owed me; but I came home one night, and I just found a bit of paper telling me she'd gone. She couldn't bear to stay, she said, and know she'd never be able to pay me."

Gerald's face was white with pain.

"And you have never seen her since?"

"Never! Many's the time I thought of her, sir. There are some faces you see one can forget, but from that day to this, I never heard a word of Mrs. Carr or her baby."

"Her baby? Then the child was born alive?"

"It wasn't born when she left me me, sir, but it was coming. I've often thought it would have a mercy if the poor young thing was taken then. You see, sir, she was so pretty and so delicate. She wasn't fit to take care of herself, much less of a child. It seemed as if, big as the great world is, there was no place in it for her and her baby."

And it was then that the Earl shook hands with Mrs. Hall, leaving a golden sovereign in her horny palm.

And then he went back to his luxurious home, feeling he would give it all up—mansion, servants, riches, and grandeur—renounce them all, oh! so gladly, if his sweet young wife could be restored to him—if he could know for certain the story of his darling's fate.

It was in vain after that that society smiled upon Lord Leigh—that young ladies showed him plainly they were willing to share his coronet. The Earl was proof against their charms.

Between him and a second marriage there stood always the memory of his girl-wife, the fair young creature who had been content to think the world well lost for love's sake only.

* * * * *

And while Lord Leigh lived in the gay world of London life, with all its pleasures spread out for his acceptance within the same great wilderness, there struggled bravely onwards a girl, whose sweet, wistful face grew sadder as the days passed, for whom no pleasures offered, whose society no one courted, and for whom—like the Earl's young wife and her little child—there seemed, indeed, no place in this great, cruel world.

Lilian Earl was too true and innocent to take her life with her own hand.

Up to an hour of the time fixed for her own departure from Earlsmere she had quite meant to yield to Sir Ronald Trevlyn's importunity, and become his wife privately, since it seemed his fortune did not permit of his claiming her in any other fashion; but as she talked to the old housekeeper, and heard Mrs. Mason's simple definition of love it broke on Lilian with a bitter pain that Ronald did not love her: that, if he were ashamed to marry her now in the face of all the world, he would be as much ashamed afterwards to confess that she was his wife.

By a rapid decision the girl chose her own fate.

She would be no burden upon her lover. He should think her dead, and so feel himself entirely free.

The two true, generous friends who had offered her their aid should imagine her as asleep beneath the tranquil waters of the river, safe from all sin and suffering.

No one who had known Lord Earl's petted child should learn that she was in the wide world of London life, a toiler for daily bread.

Of course in the excitement and trouble caused by the sight which met Captain Beaumont and his friend at the river brink, they postponed their journey to London until the next day.

There was no voice to tell them that late that evening a slight, weary figure reached a station ten miles distant from Earlsmere, and took a humble third-class ticket for the great metropolis.

When Lilian stood upon the bustling platform of the London terminus, a little lonely waif, she had much ado to keep from crying, but the consciousness of how much depended on her own exertions kept her calm.

It was getting late, but shops do not close very early in that neighborhood, so the late heiress proceeded to make her purchase, for some subtle instinct told her that a woman without luggage must be regarded with suspicion.

She bought only the most needful things. Already she was dreading what might happen when her little stock of money was exhausted.

They barely filled the small portmanteau she had chosen for its cheapness, but they gave her at least the appearance of respectability, and it was mainly through them that a buxom, fresh-colored landlady ultimately consented to receive her as an inmate.

A small bedroom at the top of the house for six shillings a week!

It was very humble shelter for the heiress of Earlsmere, but at least it was clean and tidy.

Mrs. Mathews looked sharply at her new inmate as they concluded the bargain, Lilian tendering a week's rent in advance instead of references.

"What name shall I put in the receipt miss?"

The new lodger turned white as death. It was questions such as this which brought home to her all the misery of her terrible position.

She knew she was not Miss Earl, but up to that moment she had never thought how she was to be called.

A chance trifle settled the point.

The paper on the wall of her attic, the blind at the tiny window, the threadbare carpet—all were of one prevailing hue, and Lilian in her perplexity seized on the color of her new name.

It was common; it would provoke no questions.

There were hundreds of Greens in England.

The most inquisitive persons could hardly demand to which of them she was related.

"Miss Green."

The landlady appeared satisfied and withdrew.

For more than a month she kept her lodger, and had no reason to complain.

Week by week Miss Green's six shillings were forthcoming.

She gave no trouble, uttered no word of grumbling, and if she grew paler and thinner day by day, if the light of hope gradually died out of her eyes, that was hardly the fault of Mrs. Mathews and her back attic.

Lilian was not idle in that time. She sought employment feverishly—desperately. She haunted the offices which profess to find situations for governesses, she answered every likely advertisement in the newspapers, but nothing came of it. She was too pretty to please would-be employers and the account she gave of herself was too lame.

"She had been educated abroad, and her father's death had made her obliged to earn her own living. She had no relations or friends in England. She could offer no references."

People who had listened till then turned away at the last word. One or two, more uncharitable than the rest, told the girl point-blank she must be nothing better than an adventuress to dare to confess to such a thing and so the time wore on.

Every morning she started on her weary toil.

Generally about one o'clock she got a bun by way of dinner at one of the the city shops which combine the business of pastry-cook and restaurant.

It was a cheap refreshment, for besides the bun her penny procured for her a sight of two or three daily papers.

Day after day she went there until the young woman behind the counter grew to expect her, and to regard her as much of a regular customer as the gentlemen who came every morning for their sherry-and-bitters.

She never spoke to any of the fellow-customers, she never knew they noticed her; but one day she was undeceived.

In turning over the *Times* to find the advertisements, she came upon a short paragraph which made her head swim, and brought the tears to her lovely eyes.

It was very short and simple, being merely a notice to the heirs of the late Lord Earl that a considerable fortune was awaiting their acceptance.

The sight of the familiar name was too much for Lilian.

She reeled and would have fallen but that a hand was laid supportingly upon her shoulder, and a voice said kindly—

"This close shop has upset you; come out into the air, you will be better there."

Almost unconsciously she obeyed the advice.

The gentleman who had spoken led her out of the shop and then turned with her down one of those quiet narrow streets which are to be found so often near our crowded thoroughfares.

In this case it led to the Embankment, and he guided her footsteps until he could place her on one of the benches which stand there.

Lilian expected he would leave her, but, to her surprise, he kept his position, while, overcome by the shock, her long pent-up grief had its way.

She sobbed until she stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"What is the matter?"

He was quite young, not more than five or six and-twenty, but he spoke with a certain authority as though he meant to have an answer.

He had to fight life's battle himself, and found it a pretty hard one, but he had never seen a woman in distress without trying to help her.

"I cannot tell you," she said, simply; "I am better now, thank you very much."

He sat down beside her.

"You are not going to dismiss me like that, I hope. You know we are not quite strangers; we have lunched together for weeks; believe me," and the deep voice softened with a rare charm, "two heads are better than one. I mayn't be able to help you much, but I will do my best."

She shook her head.

"There are some sorrows past cure," and he touched her black dress; "but others can be soothed by sympathy. Do you know I have watched you day after day growing thinner and sadder, and I have often wanted to speak to you before, only I thought it would offend you."

Lilian gave him one brief beam of gratitude.

"You really noticed that? I thought there was no one to care now. You see," and, oh! how sadly the girl spoke, "this world is very big, but yet there's no room for me."

"I shouldn't think you wanted much room," he said, half comically, "what do you wish for?"

"Something to do."

Guy Ainslie looked at her as though he was wondering what she was fitted for.

"And is there no one to help you—haven't you got any relations?"

"No."

"Nor friends?"

"No—and oh, I had better tell you all; I haven't even got any references. I think that is why no one will try me."

"No references!" as though he were weighing the obstacle. "Well, if you have no friends I don't see how you could be expected to have references. I need not ask you what you want to be; of course, you'd say a governess, everyone does now-a-days. Do you know I think I can help you?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I haven't got any children to be taught," and he smiled again; "but I happen to possess a sister who keeps a school, and if I send you to her she might be able to suggest something."

"But——"

"But what?"

"You don't know me?"

"I have seen you pretty often, and that——"

"And you can trust me without references?"

"I think so. Do you know, to my idea, the very fact of your confessing to having none proves you can't be a very black sheep. You see references are so very easily fabricated now-a-days that an unscrupulous person would invent them without thinking twice on the subject."

Lilian stared.

"Really!"

"I wonder you never thought of it!"

"I couldn't!" and the blue eyes were full of perplexity; "why it would be like telling lies!"

"That is so very uncommon!"

He rose then, and took out his card-case; he scribbled an address on it hastily, and then asked—

"Do you know Leckenham?"

Lilian confessed her ignorance.

"You take the train from Ludgate Hill to Leckenham, and our house is about ten minutes' walk from the station, anyone will direct you," and then, without another word, he turned away, raising his hat as politely as though the shabby stranger was a duchess.

Lilian felt as if she was in a dream.

After weeks of rebuffs and snubs it was very sweet to have a taste of the milk of human kindness shown her once again.

She wondered if her benefactor's sister were anything like himself.

And then she rose and walked to Ludgate Hill, with more hope than she had felt for a long time.

Leckenham was easily reached, and Rose Bank as easily discovered.

It was a pretty house approached by a carriage drive—as are all the houses in Leckenham.

There was no intimation of its being a school, and Lilian began to fear she had made a mistake, when the door suddenly opened and a group of bright-faced girls made their egress, laughing and chattering the while.

Thus encouraged our heroine rang the bell, and informed the smart young housemaid that she wished to speak to Miss Ainslie.

There was no difficulty; she was ushered at once across the hall into a small room, half library, half study, where a bright fire burnt cosily in the grate and a tray of tea things stood temptingly on the table.

She gave the servant Mr. Ainslie's card, and tried to hope his sister might be like him.

Another five minutes and she could answer the question for herself.

"Not the least in the world, so far as appearance went," for Miss Ainslie was very small and slight, with bright, black eyes that looked you through and through, and rather a sharp expression of face, as though she were used to reading people's character, and was rarely deceived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Doctor's Remedy.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

ARTHUR LATOUR, at the age of four-and-twenty, was about as low-spirited and discontented as man could be, and yet his fair-weather friends accounted him the most fortunate dog in existence.

He had only himself in the wide world to care for, and his store of material wealth was greater than he could ever fairly spend.

He had been an only child, and his parents had died when he was a boy at school leaving him a fortune of hundreds of thousands.

The guardian appointed to care for the heir and for the property had been faithful, and at the age of one-and-twenty, the youth fresh from college, stepped into the life of manhood, and into full possession of more than half a million.

Those who had known with what honor Arthur graduated, predicted for him a useful and manly life.

But he had sadly disappointed them.

He had not been seriously dissipated, nor had he been criminally reckless in any direction.

He had sought pleasure in the glare and glitter of fashionable society.

He had given himself to the work of gathering joy from the fleeting hours of trivial amusements.

He had thrown the whole of himself into the whirlpool of aimless feasting and excitement.

And in the end he had become heartsick and melancholy, with no new joy at hand, and with an utter disrelish for the old ones.

Only three years of this bewildering, enervating life, and we find Arthur Latour completely miserable and dejected.

Not physically prostrate, but mentally and morally broken.

He sat in his sumptuously-furnished apartment of a private hotel, where he had taken up his quarters—sat in dressing-robe and slippers, thrown back in a great lolling chair, with his head resting upon his hands.

He had a handsome face, and the broad, full brow, with its crown of clustering nut-brown curls, was indicative of more than common intellect.

His frame was not robust, but it was manly, and of faultless proportions.

As he sat thus, a rap sounded upon his door, and he bade the applicant enter.

"Well, well, my boy, how do you find yourself to-day?"

It was a cheerful voice, mellow and hearty and a new light and warmth seemed to pervade the room as its owner entered.

He was a portly, pleasant-faced man, with the silvering of three-score years upon his head, and the stamp of a broad experience in look and bearing.

It was Dr. Samuel Tapley.

He had been the family physician in other years.

He had been Arthur's guardian during his minority, and he had ministered to the needs of the youth since when called upon.

"My dear doctor," said Arthur, raising himself to an upright posture with an effort, "I'm glad you've come. I am growing worse."

"What is the matter now, my boy?"

"The same as before, only more of it. You told me two days ago that you would try to find a tonic that would give new tone to my depleted system. Have you found it?"

Dr. Tapley sat down and regarded his patient awhile in silence.

While he spoke, there was seriousness in his look.

But the voice was very kindly and cheerful.

"My dear boy, I have been on the look-out since I saw you last, and I think I have found an application which will be of benefit to you."

"Have you brought it with you?"

"No: you must go with me and receive it at head-quarters."

"Goodness, mercy, doctor! You wouldn't take me to a hospital!"

"Bless my soul, no. I would take you to a friend. Will you trust yourself in my hands?"

"Is it far away?"

"No; not so far as I wish it was."

"You are a riddle, doctor."

"There is a riddle in your life, my boy, which I propose to solve, if I can. Come, will you go with me?"

"Do you really think I shall gain any help?"

"If I did not, I would not ask you to go," replied the doctor.

"I want you to walk, Arthur. The air is pure and bracing, and the exercise will do you good. Come; if you wish me to help you, you must place yourself for the present wholly at my direction. Will you go with me?"

This last was spoken with a firmness and decision which indicated pretty plainly to one who knew him that Doctor Tapley desired no more argument.

"Yes, yes," said Arthur, slowly arising from his chair. "I will go with you. It can but kill me, and I might as well die as live if I must live at this poor suffering rate."

It was a bright, cold October day, and Arthur's first emotion, upon emerging into the open air on foot, was of fear and trembling.

But the cheerful conversation of the doctor brought him up out of the shuddering slough, and after a time the youth's blood began to circulate more freely, and he breathed more easily.

"Where in the world are you going, doctor?"

"To find a friend, Arthur. Be not alarmed. Surely you would feel very safe with me."

"But this place—oh, it is awful! Where are we?"

"This is what is called The Dials. Were you never here before?"

"Never."

"Then you have missed a great study. Here, step careful."

"But, doctor, you are not going in here?"

"Yes; don't be alarmed. Follow me. I promise you that all shall be well."

It was through a narrow, dark, dirty alley; in by a broken doorway, then up dangerous stairs, then through a gloomy, reeking passage, and finally they had entered a square chamber, with blackened walls and ceiling in which was one bed upon a bed frame, another bed upon the floor, and a small fire in the narrow fireplace.

There were two or three stools, and two old boxes, which might serve as seats.

The light struggled through a window, half the panes of which were of paper, and revealed upon the higher bed a man, wasted almost unto death with consumption.

By the side of the bed a woman was sitting, and upon one of the boxes two children, a boy and girl.

For a time Arthur Latour was like one paralyzed.

It was to him as a pest-house, and he felt as one might feel who had suddenly trodden upon a deadly serpent.

"Well, well," broke in the doctor's cheery voice, "how is it to-day?"

"Ah, good sir, dear, kind friend, the end is nigh."

It was the woman who answered.

"A better, and than I can ever know in life," whispered the man on the bed.

The whisper was hoarse and hollow, and the effect produced a spasmodic cough.

The doctor approached the bed, and the woman made way for him.

"You are not gaining strength, are you, Eben?"

"No, doctor. I can't deceive myself any more. I know I am dying. But who came with you? Didn't I see another?"

Meantime, the woman had met the doctor's companion, and at this moment had recognized him.

"Arthur Latour!" she exclaimed, in glad surprise. "God bless you, sir, for coming to us in such an hour."

Arthur beheld a woman, yet young and comely, though pale, hollow-eyed, and poorly clad.

And when she had spoken, he recognized her.

He remembered in his college days a young man who had built boats for the students, and who had piloted them in their voyages.

That man was Eben Burroughs.

And he remembered Eben's wife, Sarah, then fair-faced and buoyant, who had, in those other days, entertained him often at her frugal board, when a day's sport had kept him on the river.

And he remembered how kind the boatman and his wife had always been to him, and how many times they had done their best to please him.

And one other thing Arthur Latour remembered.

He remembered a golden-haired, violet-eyed, sunny-faced maiden, a relative of Sarah's, whom he had met at the boatman's cottage, and who had shone upon his path like a star that gleams with heavenly influence.

And this woman was Sarah Burroughs, and the man upon the bed was her husband.

The children he remembered, one as a pattering urchin and the other as an infant in its mother's arms.

"Arthur Latour!" echoed the sick man, making an effort to raise himself upon his elbow.

"In mercy's name," cried Arthur, when he could find speech, "what's all this? Mrs. Burroughs — Eben! What does it all mean?"

"My friends," said Dr. Tapley, "Arthur did not know whom he was to meet when I brought him here. This is the first knowledge he has ever had of your misfortune."

"In Heaven's name," pleaded Arthur, grasping the woman by the hand, all this manliness of heart and soul coming to the surface, and showing itself in word and look, "how is this come to pass? Why do I find you thus?"

He sat down upon one of the stools, and Sarah Burroughs told him the whole story.

Her husband had received an offer which had induced him to come to the city.

In time the party for whom he worked failed, and at about the same time his own health broke down.

Since then they had struggled on.

Eben had sunk gradually and surely beneath the fell disease, and they had been reduced by degrees into their present state.

"And only yesterday," said Dr. Tapley, "I found them. I thought, Arthur, you would blame me if I did not give you a share in this work."

There was a strange meaning in the expression of his last sentence, and only Arthur understood it fully and accepted it gratefully.

His heart was in healthy tune now, and its throbbings were very strong and true.

He knew exactly why the doctor had brought him, and he accepted the situation.

"Take heart," he said, holding again the woman's hand. "I will do for you all that can be done."

He spoke cheering words to Eben, and then went away, promising to come again on the morrow.

On the morrow Arthur Latour visited the place without the doctor, and on this occasion he ventured to speak of Ellen Wilton, the sunny-faced maiden, whom he had met at their cottage in the happier days.

"My sweet cousin—bless her!" returned Mrs. Burroughs. "She does not know of this. I have not dared to write. I would not bring her here, and I would not beg of her father."

Arthur provided every comfort possible.

But there could be no earthly hope for Eben Burroughs.

In a few short days he sank into the sleep that knows no earthly waking, and when the mortal remains had been borne to rest in the old village churchyard by the river, Arthur removed the widow and her two children to a comfortable house in a respectable portion of the metropolis.

Sarah Burroughs wrote to her cousin Ellen, and asked her to come and see her.

And Ellen came, a bright, buoyant, happy girl, large-hearted and lovely.

And her presence was like sunshine in the shadowed home. Arthur met her there.

When she knew what he had done for her kindred, she blessed him in her heart, and blessed him in words.

Only a month had passed from the day on which Dr. Tapley found Arthur Latour dying of inanition, and yet what a change had been wrought!

Under the influence of this blessed labor for the suffering ones, his heart had regained its pristine strength and vigor, and the world looked once more bright and promising.

He needed but one thing more to ensure his happiness for the coming time.

And one evening he stated his need to Ellen Wilton.

"It's only for you to say," he concluded, "whether my heart-cure shall be complete, and my life be joyous from this time forth."

She rested her head upon his shoulder, and spoke to him the sweet word of promise.

CANARY AND CAT.—A young canary belonging to our family, says a correspondent, is in the habit of receiving small pieces of biscuit, cake or such like from the tea-table. The hardness of the biscuit has always been a source of great annoyance to Dickey. One day, however, after an expectant and close examination of the tea-table, he was offered a piece of hard biscuit. Without making the least attempt to break it, he lifted it from the floor of his cage, and taking it to his water trough, gently dropped it in, following up the action by patiently stirring it round and round with his beak, until it was in condition to be eaten.

He now puts every hard substance which he deems eatable into the water. He endeavored to soften sweets in the same way, but finding that the sweet became gradually smaller and smaller, he hastily abstracted it, and has never since put anything of that nature into the water.

An equally interesting case of reasoning power was lately exhibited by our cat. Puss had lately become the mother of a family of kittens, and was naturally indisposed after the occurrence.

She wandered about through the house in a strange manner, as if seeking for something, always, however, keeping within near range of the coal bunkers, when they were likely to be required. With a view to finding out what she wanted, the bunkers were left open.

The cat immediately entered, and commenced searching diligently among the coals, until she found a piece of coal covered with pyrites. This she proceeded to lick vigorously, returning to the bunker and repeating the operation at regular intervals. On ground sulphur being offered her, she at once forsook the pyrites for that, and ere long, by the use of that medicine, regained her usual health.

SILENT suffering is a thing often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless and vibrations that make human agonies are often mere whispers in the roar of existence. There are glances of hatred that stab and raise no cry of murder: robberies that leave man and woman forever beggared of peace and joy, that are kept secret by the sufferer—committed to no sounds, except of low moans in the night—seen in no writing except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.

Bric-a-Brac.

BEARD TELLING.—A Paris paper tells of a new science, *Pilographie*—the art of discriminating character by the beard. Close-growing hair indicates a vigorous temperament and a decided temper; coarse hair, obstinacy; fine hair, refinement and erratic tendencies; curly beards appertain to brilliant and sprightly but superficial persons; harsh, to amiable but cold natures. The character of a man is variously indicated according as he wears his hair, beard, moustache, etc.

STRANGE FISH.—In the light of modern facts it is easy to read more seriously the stories of the cuttle-fishes which have enfolded large craft in their arms and drawn them below. In the great cuttle-fish and the sea-serpent science we are inclined to await developments before placing them in the list of fabulous animals. But modern naturalists, though according him respect for his learning, regard as curious fancies only Aldrovanda's pictures and descriptions of the sea-horse, sea-lion, and sea-saw.

A QUEER PRESENT.—A London merchant, late in the last century, was stopped by some gentlemen of the road, when crossing Hounslow Heath one dark night, and duly relieved of $600, in gold, besides his watch and jewelry. At parting the courteous and considerate highwaymen presented the merchant, as a souvenir of their meeting and of the interesting fact that he had been relieved of his incumbrances, with a gilt-edged copy of the New Testament!

MUSTARD.—The wild mustard in Southern California is like that spoken of in the New Testament, in the branches of which the birds of the air may rest. Coming up out of the earth, so slender a stem that dozens can find starting point in an inch, it darts up a slender, straight shoot, five, ten, twenty feet, with hundreds of fine feathery branches, locking and interlocking with all the hundreds around it, till it is an inextricable net-work like lace. Then it bursts into yellow bloom still finer, more feathery and lace-like. At times it looks like golden dust. With a clear blue sky behind it, as is often seen, it looks like a golden snow storm.

COCHINEAL.—Cornelius Drebble, who died in London in 1634, having placed in his window an extract of cochineal, made with boiling water, for the purpose of filling a thermometer, some aqua-regia dropped into it from a phial, broken by accident, which stood above it, and converted the purple dye into a most beautiful scarlet. After some conjectures and experiments, he discovered that the tin by which the window frame was divided into squares had been dissolved by the aqua-regia, and was the cause of the change. Giles Gobelin, a dyer at Paris used it for dying cloth. It became known as Parisian scarlet dye, and rose into such great repute that the populace declared that Gobelin had acquired his art from the devil.

DEAF MUTES.—Among the ancient Greeks deaf mutes were looked upon as a disgrace to humanity, and under the barbarous laws of Lycurgus they were exposed to death. Nor was highly cultured Athens less cruel than Sparta toward these unfortunate creatures. Deaf mute children were pitilessly sacrificed without a voice being heard on their behalf. Aristotle declared congenital deaf mutes to be incapable of instruction, and this was the universal opinion of classical antiquity. The Romans treated the unfortunates with the same cruelty as the Greeks. As soon as a child was found deaf and dumb it was sacrificed to the Tiber. Only those escaped whom the waves washed back to the shore, or whom the natural love of their parents kept hidden from the eyes of the world.

GOLD.—Gold and silver, the metallic substances first known to mankind, were from the first held in great estimation; the earliest mention on record of gold is in Genesis, where it says, of the land of Havilah, "There is gold, and the gold of that land is good." In the time of Abraham it already passed as money by weight, and was used for making ornaments; nor are there lacking proofs that it was manufactured into many household articles. The abundance of gold in ancient times is very remarkable; for example, the treasures of Solomon, when he made so many things of pure gold; "none of them were of silver, for that was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon," for "the king made silver to be as stones in Jerusalem." Nor does this appear to have been by any means a solitary instance; profane authors speak of the large accumulations of treasure, both by sovereigns and private individuals.

CLOCKS.—Clocks are comparatively a modern invention. The sun-dial was the first time measure. Before that, time was regulated by the length of shadows cast from a fixed object. The book of Job refers to it. Then there was the water clock, first used by the Chaldeans; they were also used in Babylon and the Romans had them 160 B. C. Calmet speaks of the custom of the Cisterian monks being called to their devotions in 1120 by a striking clock. Dante, who died in 1321, also refers to one. In 1364 Henri de Wyek erected a clock in the palace of Charles V. of France. Richard Harris, of London, invented the pendulum in 1641. Clocks, as we now have them originated in England. In 1790 wooden clocks were first made by James Harrison, of Waterbury, Conn. Gradually the demand sprung up for a superior article until now we have clock factories manufacturing this indispensable article by the thousand, at prices ranging from $1.00 up into the thousand.

FIRESIDE REVERIES.

BY L. H. W.

'Tis pleasant, on a winter's night,
When storms beat on the window-pane,
Before a fire with flickering light
To dream our past life o'er again:
Sweet times and scenes to interlace,
Unselfish friendships to renew,
And in the shifting embers trace
Each well remember'd form and face,
Whose very quaintness makes them true.

How æsthetics were life's early hours,
How calm, how musical their flow,
When, as we stray'd, we gather'd flowers,
And fancied 'twould be ever so!
Our fledgling hearts had ta'en a flight
Far off from human ken or call;
But moments Fancy drew so bright
Have only lent a chequer'd light,
To show how Time may cheat us all.

Where are they gone, that jo'ous throng,
Who round our hearths encircled drew,
Whose smile was sunshine—voice was song,
Affection's promptings all they knew?
Alas! the storms ne'er felt before
Have chill'd their hearts, and sped their wing;
Their brief, congenial spring-time o'er,
They seek upon a distant shore,
Like truant birds, a second spring.

The rain has ceased, hush'd is the wind,
The lately gleaming hearth-stone dark;
The coals are black, but leave behind
Their lonely watch-fire in a spark.
So may our warmest feelings leave
To light Hope's lamp not all in vain,
Once more the cheerful hearth may burn,
Once more each absent friend return,
And hold their empire here again!

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

HE was telling her some story, at which they laughed.

Yes, she laughed too; she, who rarely smiled—quite a merry girlish laugh, worthy the old days of the Rose of Drydo.

Allan rode slowly behind them, enjoying the picture for some time, and building rosy fancies of "what might have been," but with a sudden start he remembered the fashionable Miss Dane, the London beauty, the heartless mother, and the wife who had lied to him, no later than the last time he saw her.

He smothered his feelings and trotting up beside them, as if he had but just come on the scene, lifted his hat, and hoped Miss Dane (with a curious cynical smile) was quite well.

Miss Dane muttered something, became perfectly scarlet, and after a rather stilted, disjointed exchange of platitudes about the beauty of the evening, bade Tommy good-bye, bowed very stiffly to Lord Kingsford, and wheeling her fretting foam-flecked horse round, was soon out of sight, leaving did she but guess it—but how could she? her husband and her son to continue their way alone.

* * * * *

A week later, just as the Brand family were about to go to dinner, and were sitting in the drawing-room awaiting the welcome sound of the gong, a servant entered with a note in his hand, his usual stately and correct deportment rather flurried, and handed the missive to Rosamond, adding rather excitedly—

"And the carriage is waiting for you, miss."

"Who on earth can it be from?" ejaculated the young lady, carelessly tearing it open.

"Read it aloud!" cried Amy.

And Rosamond read the following in a very sharp-pointed jam-crook sort of hand:—

"DEAR MADAM—

"Master Tom has met with a terrible accident, a runaway carriage went over him and the pony this evening. He keeps asking for you, and Lord Kingsford begs that you will come without delay. We don't think the child will live through the night.—Your obedient servant,

"MARY TRENT."

The note dropped out of Rosamond's shaking hands as she read the last sentences.

"How awful!" exclaimed Amy, picking it up. "Poor dear little Tommy, this is from the housekeeper. I suppose Lord Kingsford is nearly crazy!"

"Will you really go, Rosamond?" said her mother. "What good can you do? and it seem so odd."

"I shall certainly go:" she returned, fiercely, "and at once."

"What, without dinner?" cried Colonel Brand, whose dinner was his god.

"Do you think I could eat?" she demanded fiercely. "Amy, bring me a cloak like a good girl!"

"My dear child, you must take Evans," said her mother, "think of what people would say—a bachelor's house, and you a young girl!"

"In the chamber of death there is no such thing as propriety," returned Rosamond, hastily wrapping a soft burnouse over her rich cream-colored dinner dress.

"You need not expect me back before morning. Good-night," she said, as she hurried from the room, ran quickly down the steps, and sprang into the luxurious little brougham that awaited her.

A pair of splendid horses bashed forwarded as the door was banged, and in another moment she was bowling down the avenue, a liberal ten miles an hour.

She looked far more like a girl going to a ball than a mother (though unconscious of the fact) on her way to the death-bed of her only child.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROSAMOND drove very rapidly down the avenue, and they seemed to flash almost through the country roads and lanes that intervened between Violet Hill and Ermine Court.

As they dashed up to the portico Mrs. Trent was already waiting at the foot of the steps to conduct her indoors.

"You have lost no time, I see," she remarked, glancing at Rosamond's evening dress and bare head.

"It was very good of you to come, miss. The child's been wearying for you, and by all accounts he's going fast," she whispered as she conducted Rosamond through the immense pillared hall, and up the shallow winding stone staircase here and there in the background, in passages and corridors.

Miss Dane was conscious of groups of servants; of women with aprons to their eyes, of long-faced flunkeys, and of a sense of some great trouble hanging over the whole establishment.

"I suppose the doctor is here?" said Rosamond, as they walked down a long carpeted gallery, scarcely speaking above her breath.

"Doctor? To be sure, and one coming from London. Besides, Lord Kingsford would have every doctor in the land here if he had his way.

"He's nearly out of his mind!" raising her hands as she spoke. "You'll have a bad time with them both, miss. I give you fair warning, but I believe you have a stout heart, as well as a kind one. It's a terrible thing for the poor little fellow to die," weeping as she spoke, "and no lady near him, no one but me or Susan. You must just take the place of her that's dead and gone for one day."

"You mean—you mean," said her companion, hesitating.

"Who should I mean but his mother?"

"And here we are. This is the room," opening as she spoke the door into a large apartment, in which was a dim light, and a little white bed.

The bed, of course, contained Tommy, and Tommy's father was standing beside it, when the door admitted this beautiful graceful apparition in a trailing silk dinner-dress the child's mother.

A feeble exclamation of joy from Tommy caused him to turn his head and advance to meet her hastily.

"Very kind of you to come!" (he did not say Miss Dane); "but I knew you would. Tommy," and his voice shook a little, "has never ceased asking for you since sunset," and with a great effort, and in a very low voice, "I'm afraid he'll never see another."

"You must not say that," she returned in a quick whisper. "You must not give him up yet. Remember, Lord Kingsford that whilst there's life there's hope."

"Not much here, I'm afraid," he replied, with an eloquent shake of his head, turning once more towards the patient. The doctor and Susan, the nursemaid, stared to see Miss Dane actually arriving on the scene.

"What brought her here? It was most extraordinary," and they both looked their amazement, Susan point-blank, and the doctor through his spectacles.

Their presence was quite indifferent to her. She went over, knelt down by Tommy's bed, and taking one of his little hot hands in hers kissed it softly, and whispered, "My poor Tommy, what has happened to you?"

"It was the carriage," he answered, faintly, fixing as she spoke his bright eyes on her face. "It came so fast, and knocked down Topsey and me."

"That will do, Tommy: you must not talk," said his father, anxiously. "I'll tell her all about it for you," in answer to the child's appealing look.

"You must know," addressing himself to the bed, "that Tommy and Jones went out for their usual ride, and were coming home about five o'clock, when, at Clipton Cross, Tommy says he heard a great noise and galloping and shouting, and a carriage and pair dashed round the corner before he could get out of the way.

"He remembers no more. Jones picked him up, and carried him home in his arms, and here he is. Is not that it, Tommy?"

Tommy nodded acquiescently, and then whispered eagerly,—

"Tell about my arm," the other arm, which lay outside the counterpane in splints.

"It is broken, and I am sure Miss Dane will be pleased to hear what a brave little boy you were when it was set—how you never said one word all the time!"

"And are there any other injuries?" questioned Rosamond, anxiously.

"Yes," with a painful expression, "his ribs—internal. Dr. Crosstoness does not quite know the extent; he is waiting till the London doctor comes to make an examination."

"And when will he be here?"

"Not for two hours," Rosamond glanced at the clock. It was now half-past eight, and at this moment the local doctor came over and said, authoritatively—

"This talking won't do. Lord Kingsford, the child is in high fever, his pulse past counting.

"Does Miss Dane know what a serious case it is? I, of course, have no right to speak, but I question very much if she is not doing more harm than good. She would really be better away. She would, indeed."

"Miss Dane will stay as long as I stay," returned Lord Kingsford, decisively. "I'll be surety that she does more good than harm."

If, as he said to himself, Tommy was going to die, who had a better right to be present than his mother?

But was she to know! How was she to be told?

Or should she be told at all? This was a question he had been eagerly debating within himself all the evening, and had come to no settled conclusion.

The doctor walked huffily away, and stood beside the fire now, watch in hand, having made his protest and done his duty, and wearing an expression, as he glared over at the young people, that said: "Kill him now as soon as you please!

"I wash my hands of it! In fact, I'd rather you killed him than not!"

A low voice next broke the silence. Turning his head towards his father, and fixing his eyes on him earnestly, he said—

"The doctor is cross. He thinks I'm going to die, doesn't he? Am I, father?"

"Would you be afraid to die, Tommy?" leaning over him. "If you were—I don't say you are, you know," in a very husky voice.

"I don't want to go away and leave you and Topsey, and you," looking at Rosamond. "I'd rather stay. But—but if the doctor sends me"—catching his breath—"I'll see my mother, won't I, father? How shall I know her—or will she know me?"

To this appeal Lord Kingsford turned a deaf ear, and getting up, with visible agitation, went over and pushed back the curtains, and stood looking out on the moon-flooded Park for a considerable time in silence.

The he joined the doctor by the fire, and held a long, whispered conversation with him—a conversation which evidently did not tend to raise his hopes.

When he rejoined Rosamond his face was ghastly pale, and beads of perspiration stood upon his brow. He was going to tell her.

But, stay, what was this? Was the child already dead, or was he asleep?

Oh! blessed relief from that second of agony—he was fast asleep, with his hand in his mother's.

"Hush!" she said, putting up a warning finger, and speaking in the lowest whisper. "He has just gone off. He will do yet," looking with a glance of kindly encouragement. "I don't think he is as much injured as he," nodding at the doctor, "imagines."

"Oh! if I could only share your hopes!" said the other, taking a low chair beside her; "if I only could; but I'm afraid, from what he says, and from the shock, that it is a very bad case indeed.

"If you had seen him when Jones brought him in, covered with dust and blood, and quite insensible, you would wonder he was alive; but I'm glad you did not see it. I never shall forget it."

"Poor, dear, little Tommy! How dreadful it sounds—a runaway going over him. But his little bones are more easily knit than ours, and he always seemed such a strong and healthy child."

"So he was. He never had an ailment in his life. Oh!" burying his face in his hands, "if he is taken from me I think I shall go mad, for he is all I have in the world!"

"He won't be taken from you," said Rosamond, gently, touched by his profound grief. "Heaven is good; I believe he will be spared to you.

"Do not despair," laying her hand on his coat sleeve gently. "Look at me, think how much better off you are than I am. You have him—I have no one."

"It is your own fault that you have not!" he returned, with sudden impetuosity, raising his head from between his hands and surveying her curiously.

"No, you are wrong," she returned, in a sad, hopeless accent. "It was fate that was too hard for me—fate deprived me of everything at one blow.

"I staked my all on one man—the one I told you of," she whispered, in an agitated voice, "and lost; and, as far as happiness goes, I am bankrupt.

"See how different you are," consolingly; "you have this little boy. Heaven bless him and preserve him to you for many years; and, if—if your wife was taken, you are not like me.

"You, I'm sure, have nothing but happy memories of her, poor girl. She was fortunate to die young, beloved, and deeply regretted. Who knows but she may be here beside you to-night?"

"Shall I tell you who she was," said Lord Kingsford, in a hoarse whisper, bending closer to her as he spoke, and looking at her with an indescribable expression—an expression of intense concentrated bitterness, and something else, and struggling evidently with some powerful though hidden emotion.

Rosamond gazed at him, in amazement, his eyes held hers fast.

She felt compelled to meet them and their stern insistent look.

"Yes," she faltered, a little frightened in spite of herself. "Yes, tell me who she was. I should like to know."

"Sir George Fox, please," interrupted a voice behind them, and there at the bedside stood Mrs. Trent, and in the doorway, a cheerful dapper, middle-aged, sharp looking little gentleman, who, as Lord Kingsford rose, advanced briskly into the room, saying—

"And this is our little patient. And Lord Kingsford, I presume?"

"Yes," he returned, "I'm glad, very glad to see you. You have managed to come by a special, after all."

"Yes, yes, no time in getting down. Urgent case; child seems asleep. Ah!" looking at the other medical man, "should like a few words with you directly;" and bowing to the young lady kneeling by the bed, with child's hand fast in hers, "Lady Kingsford, I presume?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO this point-blank question, Lord Kingsford made no reply for quite two minutes, and the Doctor seemingly had taken silence for consent, or forgotten the matter.

Being busily engaged in feeling the pulse of the patient, who lay beneath his searching eyes, flushed, and breathing heavily, but still in a profound sleep. At last he said—

"This young lady is a friend of my little boy's, who has been kind enough to come to him in answer to his urgent request."

"Oh!" was all the other answered, giving Rosamond one keen, exhaustive look. "Just lift him up, as quietly as you can," he said, peddling over to her; "don't wake him, but I want to take his temperature, and put this tube under his arm."

This lifting up without awaking him was easier said than done, for though Rosamond raised him in the very, very gentlest manner, he moaned, started, opened his eyes, and exclaimed—

"Oh! my arm, my arm!" in a voice of anguish.

"Your arm will be all right, my fine fellow," said the London doctor, reassuringly; "it will be well before you are twice married."

"Are you the doctor?" asked the child, with wide open, anxious eyes.

"I am. I've come to try and make you well. Don't talk now, there's a good boy," authoritatively.

"You won't kill me then? I don't want to die," his under lip quivering, "and be put in the ground like the coachman's little girl."

"No, no, no," impatiently. "Miss—or Mrs.—I beg your pardon, turning quickly to Rosamond; "I did not catch your name."

"My name is Dane, Miss Dane," she rejoined, composedly.

"Well, Miss Dane," in a hurried whisper, "for goodness sake keep him quiet, don't let him talk and excite himself in this way; use your influence, for goodness sake," and in a still lower tone, "I suppose he has no mother?"

"No," responded Rosamond, shaking her head mournfully. "Poor little boy, he has never known one."

"Well, you must do your best to keep him still whilst I examine his head, and see if he has any internal injuries, any bones or ribs broken."

Beckoning his brother professional to his side, they had another muttered consultation, and Rosamond said, in a soft, coaxing, but very firm tone—

"Now, Tommy, you are going to show the doctor and your father what a fine, brave boy you can be. He is going to see if you have hurt yourself, and how soon he can cure you.

"He won't give you any more pain, darling, than he can help," stooping over and kissing the little flushed face, which wet eyes. "You'll be a good, brave Tommy, won't you?"

"Yes, if I may hold your hand," he returned, with rather a tremulous voice, gazing at her appealingly.

"We are going to make an examination, now," said Sir George to Lord Kingsford. "The young lady seems to have plenty of nerve, she will be better than you. You see, I think you should know that everything depends on this; we shall be able to know one thing or the other."

"You mean life or death!" returned Lord Kingsford, in a strange voice.

A nod was all the doctor vouchsafed as a reply.

If it had been a woman he had to deal with, he would have softened the announcement, but to another man what did it matter?

Lord Kingsford went over and stood at the window, whilst this vital question was being probed.

No, he had not the courage to stand beside the doctor during this awful ordeal, this moment of throbbing, agonizing suspense. Strong man as he was, he trembled in every limb, and beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead as he leant his elbows on the window sash to steady himself, and gazed out blindly, as one dazed, on the beautiful summer night.

"How dare the whole world look so calm and peaceful?" he asked himself, fiercely, when Tommy was dying!

He knew he was going to die; he was sure of it!

It was a judgment on him for being so entirely wrapped up in, and absorbed in the child.

How long he had been standing there no one knew not. Five minutes; ten; an hour. It really was less than ten minutes, when he was brought back to reality by the touch of a hand on his arm.

It was Rosamond. She looked very pale. Nay, she was crying!

Two or three large tears trickled unmolested down her cheeks. Her face was unusually agitated.

"I see, I know!" he exclaimed, turning to her sharply, and speaking in a broken

voice, "I understand; you come to tell me the worst."

"I do not!" she replied, in hasty accents. "I come to tell you the best," placing her hand firmly on his arm. "He will be spared to you, please Heaven. He will live!"

Her words were that instant corroborated by the London doctor, who now joined them.

"I'm glad to say it's not as serious as we thought; bruises, a broken arm, severe contusion, and cuts on the head, that's all, a predisposition to fever; but if kept cool and quiet will be all right.

"We've just given him an opiate now, and Miss Dane has promised to sit up with him! Don't go near him!" putting forth a detaining hand. "The fewer people about the better.

"I think you and I, and our friend," nodding at the other practitioner, who seemed rather disappointed that the case was not so critical, as he had urgently declared, "are best out of the room. Perfect quiet, perfect quiet, you know; and leave him to the woman.

"I suppose," he said, as he followed his host into a large library, and cast himself into an arm-chair, and joined the tips of his fingers; "that the boy above stairs, is your child?"

"Yes," returned Lord Kingsford, turning from giving some hasty directions to a footman, about supper and bed for the great medicine man.

"And being the heir of course, it's a serious thing," said Sir George, in the most matter-of-fact voice.

Apart from his professional capabilities (which were splendid) Sir George was a character.

He loved a good gossip, and he had plenty of opportunities for picking up many bits of unknown and uncommon family history in his immense practice, and many peregrinations.

Here was a new field for him! He would like to know a little more about this handsome young widower, with one child—a child attended with the utmost devotion, by a strange and very beautiful girl, unmarried.

It was strange. He certainly was anxious to learn something more about the present owner of "Armine Court;" and over a very recherche supper, served in a small, round room, with every adjunct of taste, luxury, and the best of wines, he managed to put his wish into words.

His host was silent and abstracted, seemed to be far away in his thoughts, and yet, doing his best to play the part of entertainer to the two doctors.

"You came in quite unexpectedly for this title and property; did you not?" demanded Sir George, abruptly, laying down a glass of famous sparkling Burgundy, with a connoisseur.

"Yes; quite unexpectedly," rather formally.

"You were a sailor or something of that sort, were you not?" went on the other, perfectly unabashed.

"Why should you think so?" with a slight smile.

"Because you have a sunburnt, tanned look of a man who has been a great deal exposed to all weathers, and the open-air, and a prematurely aged look, like most sailors. I'm sure you look older than you really are!"

"I believe I do."

"And you were not a sailor?" interrogatively.

"No, the sea never had any charms for me," evasively.

"I suppose you've been a good deal abroad?"

"Yes, a good deal."

"Married out there?" refilling his glass.

"No, I married at home," very stiffly. "What"—using bad words mentally—"was it to this prying old fox where or when he married, or who he had been?" and perhaps something of this was written in his face. So Sir George prudently tried another tack, as he said to himself—

"Very good thing for you. You have a lady friend, like the one upstairs—a real good Samaritan. You must try and get her to stay.

"I don't suppose she is one of those girls who go on with a lot of humbug about conventionality and Mrs. Grundy? She has fine nerve, and a capital way with the child. I am sure she could not have been more tender and gentle with him if she had been his own mother."

At this remark a sudden wave of color crept over Lord Kingsford's dark face, and he was about to speak when Sir George went on—

"Yes, yes, we must keep her at all hazards for a few days. We must get her to stay. Talk of an angel——. Here she is."

And as he spoke the door of the room opened, and Rosamond stood on the threshold wrapped in a crimson plush opera cloak thrown over her evening dress.

"I've just come to say good-bye, Lord Kingsford. I cannot stay. The carriage has been sent for me with a note from my mother, and I must go."

"Must go!" echoed Lord Kingsford, leaving his own guests, and accompanying her into an ante-room. "I'm very sorry to hear it, but of course I know that I must not impose on your great kindness."

"I would stay if I could, you may be sure of that," she said, energetically; "but, at any rate, he has turned the corner, the worst is over. He is asleep," she continued reassuringly. "You need not be alarmed about him now."

"I shall never forget your kindness this night," he returned, in a low voice. Never, never in his life had he felt so near forgiving her as then—when they stood alone in the dimly-lighted ante-room looking into each other's eyes; she with warm, sympathetic reassurance—he with what?—an expression she could not understand in his ever, to her, rather stern and set countenance.

* * * * *

He felt somehow that he could not trust himself to speak, that his voice would betray him, so he merely offered her his arm in silence, and conducted her downstairs and through the hall, and placed her in her waiting brougham, standing on the steps bareheaded whilst it rolled away rapidly, and was soon round a bend in the avenue and lost to sight.

CHAPTER XIX.

"ROSIE," said Amy, coming into their joint morning-room one afternoon with a very long face, "I've just heard such a piece of bad news!" throwing her hat down on the table, and subsiding into a deep wicker chair as she spoke.

"Well, what is it now?" exclaimed Rosamond, looking up from her book, laying it, I am sorry to say, face downwards on the table, and leaning her two elbows on the same piece of furniture, as she peered speculatively at her friend. "It's nothing very bad, I'm sure, by your face."

"Is it not? My face tells stories then;" —indignantly—"for it is very, very, very bad news!" puckering up her pretty little countenance, and showing strong symptoms that she was going to cry.

"Lord Kingsford is going abroad to-morrow"—sniffing—"and he—he has never been to say good-bye, or anything—never sent one line, or said one word—and after all—and—all I've been thinking of him. It's too—too—dreadful!" now weeping copiously.

"Perhaps he may come yet," said Rosamond, reassuringly. "He may come to-day; it's only three o'clock."

"No, he won't!"—in a snappish tone. "He has driven into Camchester; I saw him pass the gate just now, and he goes to-morrow morning, so his man told Adele. And here have I been waiting in day after day since the child got better, thinking he was sure to come over, as—as he ought to have done.

"And now you may say he has gone without word or sign, and after all the attention he has paid me, all the season hardly speaking to another girl. I think it's—it's most wicked and abominable, and cruel!"

Here she paused to take breath, and Rosamond, after surveying her for some seconds in silence, said,—

"Of course it sounds very shocking, but, my dear child, you know you should never, never set your affections on a man till you are quite positive that he cares for you and that he wants your susceptible little heart.

"You are too easily led away, Amy! Excuse my lecture, but I have had one bitter, bitter experience, and I don't want you to fall into the same snare. You could not be like me anyway.

"Your emotions pass. There is just one little gust, and it is over! An unfortunate love affair could not wreck your life as it has done"—she was about to add "mine," but changed it instead to the one more vague—"other peoples."

"Your heart, my dear Amy, is like a gun set with a hair-trigger, ever ready to go off on the smallest provocation. You know it is now, and you need not look so angry. I'm speaking for your good."

"It's all very fine for you to talk, Rosamond, you who are as hard as marble, who have no feeling, and who care for no one!"—indignantly. "But I am different"—wiping her eyes as she spoke. "I have a heart. I'm not a block of marble, nor an ice queen, like you! I'm a human being!" defiantly.

"Yes, my dear, to your cost! Let us go carefully into this case of yours against Lord Kingsford now, and weigh it thoroughly.

"You told me only the other day that he had never said a word to you that you might not post up in the market-place; had never given you a look that he might not bestow on his grandmother; had never pressed your pretty fingers; had never danced with you, but then he never dances; had never even given you so much as a flower; so what grounds have you for expecting him to come here and offer you his heart, his coronet, and his wealth—in other and plainer words, himself?"

"This is all your jealousy, Rosamond, and nothing else!" said her companion, getting scarlet with rage, and not only with heat, but with a horrible conviction that what her unimpassioned, cool-headed companion said was true—and how hateful sometimes is the plain truth!

"You were disgusted that he never noticed you!" triumphantly.

"Come, come, Rosie; you must not say such things," said the other, good-humoredly.

"You will only be angry with yourself afterwards. It is quite true he never noticed me, and I'm content. But what has that got to do with the present subject—nothing. I'm not jealous, my dear!

"Why should I be? I should be very, very glad, to see you happily married, and to do all I could to forward it by every means in my power, but I don't wish to see you throw yourself away on a man who apparently does not care a rush for you or any woman!"

"Then—why—why," stammering hysterically, "did he always come and talk to me, and sit beside me?"

"I suppose he liked you, nay, does like you, but, my dear child, there's a vast difference between liking and love."

"Then you believe that he means nothing?"—dolefully.

"Presumably no. I should be sorry to allow my fancy to stray in his direction if I were you, Amy. But I'll tell you what I will do for you, if I can get an opportunity—not now, of course, but when he returns—I will sound him, and see, not what he think of you, for that would, I need hardly remark, seem extremely odd, but if he thinks of marrying anyone. Will that please you?"

"I suppose it will have to please me!"—discontentedly. "If he does think of marrying anyone but me, he will have been behaving shamefully"

"Fie, fie; my dear Amy. Even to me you should not say such things. It is his title, I believe, that is the attraction to you, not himself. Come, now, is it not, you ambitious monkey?"

"Both!" impressively. "I must say I should like to have lady tacked to my name. How nice a coronet looks on one's carriage, or on one's handkerchiefs and note-paper! Wouldn't you like it?"

"No, I can't say that I should care. I have no social ambition. Here is mother. Hush!"

"Well, Rosamond and Amy," said Mrs. Brand from the doorway. "Dear me"—looking round—"what litter of work and books, and why don't you shut the piano when you have done with it?"

"What I want to know," she proceeded, "is which of you is coming with me to call at the Forbes; the carriage will be round in ten minutes. That son of theirs in the Lancers is home," glancing slyly at Amy as she spoke.

"Then as Rosamond has been doing duty calls all the weeks, I suppose it's my turn," said Amy, with ill-assumed reluctance.

Half a loaf was better than no bread. Better drive over and spend a merry afternoon with the Forbes, and see what this brother Alex she had heard so much about was like, than stay moping at home thinking of Lord Kingsford, who, ungrateful wretch, apparently never bestowed one single thought on her.

"I can't well take you both," said Mrs. Brand, apologetically; "for I hate more than two going visiting. A pack of women crowding up people's drawing-rooms is a fearful infliction."

"Pray don't think of me," said Rosamond, resuming her book. "I shall probably take a gallop in the park, or take the ponies out, and you know I hate visiting."

* * * * *

"I wonder how it feels," said Rosamond to herself, as she stood on the marble steps twenty minutes later, shading her eyes with her hand, and watching the rapidly receding carriage and two very smart parasols, "to have no pride and no reticence.

"People are just as they are born mentally as well as bodily, and everything is hereditary and constitutional. Poor Amy can't help herself. She must speak out her mind; she must carry her heart on her sleeve for dawa to peck at.

"Now I—I would die sooner than say to any human being all she said to me to-day! Imagine baring one's inmost thoughts like that to anyone—imagine bitterly bemoaning to another that a man had not proposed! Come along," to Laddie, "come, I'll give you a run in the park.

"We will leave the ponies in idleness for once, and Fire King too, and pretend we are five years younger, won't we, old boy! and racing one another on the Marshes at Drydd."

* * * * *

About an hour later, as Lord Kingsford was driving up the avenue on his way to call and make his adieu en route home from Carminster, he noticed a white figure and a black dog, away to the left at some distance.

"Heavens! what a start this momentary vision gave him!

"How it recalled the same two objects in a different place!

"He would say good-bye to her out here," he said to himself, "and perhaps she would walk up to the house with him afterwards.

Of course it was only to be a good-bye between Lord Kingsford and Miss Dane, nothing more," he told himself, decisively, as jumping out of the dog-cart and handing the reins to his groom he told that very smart and acute-looking person to drive up to the house and wait for him there—go round to the yard if he liked.

"I wonder what's up now?" said this sharp young man to himself. "It's one of the young ladies here, for certain. I saw a white figure just now as well as he did."

"Miss Dane, I expect. Maybe he's agoin' to pop the question. Oh, my eye, won't this be nuts for them."

By "them" he meant his own little intimate circle at Armine Court, giving the whip an involuntary crack that set the hot-blooded chestnut in the shafts before him plunging in a manner that threatened to bring Mr. Binns and his bones to grief.

Allan had stayed away from Violet Hill on purpose to avoid Rosamond.

The tension he was obliged to pose upon himself in her society was too great to be endured.

Once or twice he had been within an ace of breaking down all barriers and declaring himself, and saying,—

"Rosamond, don't you know me? I am Allan. Your instincts were correct when you sought me in despite of yourself. I am the husband you have disowned, and Tommy is the child you deserted."

At times the temptation had been almost irresistible, but, so far, he had withstood it successfully; but for how long could he maintain this siege of natural feeling?

Not for a day, he told himself, if he were to live in her constant society.

Day by day he felt the hold over himself growing weaker and weaker, and the reins of resolution slipping from his grasp.

He would go, he would leave the country: that was the only safe and wise alternative.

"But why go?" pleaded extenuating circumstances. "Why not discover yourself, and forgive her all?"

"For many good, sufficient, and weighty reasons," replied justice, cool sense, and unappeased resentment, as he fought the matter out during many hours of lonely reflection.

She would be, of course, glad to find him no longer a poor, struggling engineer, who had to make his way in the world, but a wealthy nobleman, who could not merely give her every luxury—for that she had—but make her a peeress. That would be a heavy bribe.

Were he to return a wretched, ragged, broken-down beggar she would have nothing to do with him.

Of this he was convinced; for, in spite of his claims, in spite of her tenderness to Tommy, she was worldly to the core.

Would he (with his eyes open) take back a wife who said she was no wife, who lived under her maiden name, and passed as a young lady in society, a young lady, too, with a secret which he knew?

Would he restore to Tommy a mother who had deserted him?

Would he take back to his heart this faithless wife and mother?

No, never! He would be an unmitigated fool if he did.

The severe lesson he had received at her hands would have been thrown away, and he would have, so to speak, rewarded her with a coronet.

How, too, would the county stare when they were told that all the time he had a wife in their midst; that wife Miss Rosamond Dane!

He had not the strength of mind, the moral courage, to set the match to such a powder mill.

Of course, had she loved him it would have been different.

She would have lived with Tommy, presumably in the old house at Brydd, and there he would have found her, and led her back into the world, to take her place as Lady Kingsford; instead of which what had he found?

A miserable, deserted, ill-used, nameless gutter child, and the beautiful, fashionable, gay, much coveted Miss Dane.

"No, no; forgive her—never!

"But," pleaded his heart, "could you expect a poor young girl to live alone, to wait in silence, without word or sign, all these years? How was she to know you were on a desert island? How was she to know you were alive? How was she to know you had not deserted her? and that every throb and every thought of your aching heart in yonder barren storm-beaten roof was for Rosamond?"

"Could she not have waited?" he asked, passionately. "That woman in 'Enoch Arden' waited seven years—nay, more: the sea does give up its dead sometimes."

"Yes," pleaded the other voice: "but that Annie in the story was older, ten years older than Rosamond. She had children; she was a simple village matron; she had friends. Now, Rosamond, was married secretly; she was young, timid, inexperienced. You must make allowance for eighteen instead of twenty-eight."

"Still, eighteen forgot me and deserted her child. There are no allowances to be made for that," said Allan, sternly. "Of course some time it must all come out. It will have to be made public on account of Tommy's birth; but I shall stave that off as long as possible. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

These were a few of the thoughts that were floating through Lord Kingsford's mind as, walking quickly over the springy turf, he overtook Rosamond strolling slowly up a long grassy avenue, between double rows of chestnut trees, rather out of breath, with an unusual color in her cheeks, and her hat hanging over her arm.

She did not notice his footsteps on the sward behind her, and gave a violent start when he accosted her, raising his hat, and saying,—

"Good afternoon, Miss Dane. I have just come over to say good-bye. I'm going off to-morrow abroad."

CHAPTER XX.

"WHAT a start you gave me, Lord Kingsford!" said Rosamond, putting out her hand. "I did not hear you coming."

"I saw you from the avenue," he replied, "and sent my trap on to the house. "I shall go up there presently to take leave of your mother and Miss Glen."

"You may spare yourself that trouble," she returned, with a smile. "They have gone over to the Forbes'. I am the only one at home."

"Then I can pay you a double visit," he said politely. "I have a great many messages for you from Tommy."

"I suppose you are going to take him with him?"

"Yes, it is chiefly on his account I'm going, you know" (and on yours, too, he might have added, if he had chosen).

He felt that one of those hard conflicts was coming on in his mind, and he set himself sternly to resist it. Why not take this lovely girl in his arms, and say, "Rosamond, don't you know me?" Why not forgive her?

Much should be condoned to any one supremely lovely. Where within the seas could he find so beautiful a wife own?

Yes. How strange it sounded! This girl, this stranger, standing beside him, with the shadows of the chestnut leaves making patterns on her white dress, with soft little impetuous rings of hair curling about her forehead, her eyes dreamily fixed on the far blue horizon—visible through the trees—was the wife he had wedded that foggy November morning in the little London church more than four years ago.

He glanced at her once more involuntarily, and that glance was all but fatal. The longing to tell her all was ungovernable. He could restrain himself no longer.

What madness, what insanity prompted him to seek her alone, to throw himself into the very jaws of a temptation, from which he had opened a prompt door of escape?

He felt that he was actually trembling, that his brain was on fire, that his stern resolutions were melting like snow in the sun, that he must and would speak.

Rosamond! She was his Rosamond, after all. He would declare himself now, and forgive her, yes—with a gulp—forgive her, forgive her, and let them start once more fair. She and he would go away to-morrow, let the gossiping world say what it might!

"Rosamond," he said, in a voice so low, so husky that it was inaudible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED.)

"THE cause of her illness is removed," Agnes said, with her sweet gentle smile.

"Ah, here is Stephen!"

It was the first time the two young men had met since the night of the terrible event which had brought such misery into both lives.

As their hands closed in a firm pressure, Agnes slipped away and left them together.

For a moment they did not speak, but stood in silence, looking into each other's faces, marking the change—great in Stephen, so much greater in Frank—which had taken place during the two years that had passed.

Stephen broke the silence first.

"Thank Heaven for this?" he said, in a voice shaken with emotion.

"Can you ever forgive me, Daunt?" the other asked huskily.

"Forgive you!" Stephen echoed. "For what?"

"For the horrible suspicion, the accusation, the suffering, yes, I see it on your face, which I caused you."

"Nay," Stephen said gently, with a little laugh which was tuneless and had no mirth in its ring, "since my wife thought me guilty why should not you?"

A slight sound behind them made him turn quickly.

Sidney was standing there, her slender form wrapped in costly dark furs; her soft light step had not been heard by the two men.

There was a strange feverish light in her eyes as she put out both her hands and Frank took them in his.

"Oh, Frank!" she breathed rather than uttered; and they stood silent for a minute even as the two men had done when they met.

Then Frank let her hands fall gently; and she turned away and left the room without a word.

"She is altered," Frank said rather unsteadily; he had never loved Sidney as he had loved Sibyl, but she had been dear to him, and the meeting had moved him greatly.

"Stephen, if you can forgive me for my wrong to you, can you ever forgive me for the suffering I gave her?

"And yet, and yet, were I in your place, I should think the knowledge that I possessed such love as hers, cheaply purchased at any price."

The color rose slightly in Stephen's dark cheek.

"We will not talk of that," he said coldly. "She is altered, for she has suffered greatly, as you know; but we will not speak of what never existed!"

"And what is that?" Frank asked.

"My wife's love for me," Stephen answered, in irrepressible bitterness.

Frank looked at him.

"I do not understand," he said hurriedly. "Daunt, is it possible that you have ever doubted Sidney's love for you?"

Stephen laughed again, a bitter laugh this time.

"Pshaw!" he said impatiently, and turned away with a shrug of his big broad shoulders.

But Frank saw the keen pain that he tried to disguise under the affectation of carelessness, and, though it required an effort to pursue the subject, he made a step forward and put his hand on Stephen's arm.

"Daunt," he said earnestly, "forgive me; but I cannot help speaking to you. My own happiness cannot be complete without yours; and, when I remember that so much of your pain has been caused by the mad suspicion which Sidney overheard me put into words, I feel that, no matter what good things life can give me, I cannot be happy, I cannot be at peace until I see you and Sidney happy."

"My dear Frank, are we not so? We do not quarrel; we get on admirably," Stephen broke in carelessly.

"Years ago, when Sidney promised to be my wife," Frank Greville went on, not heeding the interruption, "she did so under a misunderstanding.

"I came to her, mad with misery at Sibyl Neil's," even now his voice shook as he spoke her name, "engagement, and swearing vengeance against the man for whom she had sacrificed me.

"Sidney, you know well, Daunt, on what terms of brotherly and sisterly affection we were, tried to console me, and asserted the right to betroth herself to whom she would. And I, in my despair, turned to her for safety, as I thought.

"If she would be my wife, I said I would forego vengeance; they should be left alone. And she promised, not knowing, and thinking that she was saving you annoyance, perhaps worse."

In the short silence which followed there came before Stephen Daunt's eyes the pretty old-fashioned drawing-room of the Gray House, and two fair girls standing by the piano, Dolly's face full of dismay and pain, Sidney's proud and calm, changing into startled terror as she stood listening to the words which told her that Sibyl Neil was to be Squire Rutledge's wife.

And there sounded again in his ears Dolly's words, as the brother and sister drove home together, that Sidney looked as if she had been forced into something against her will, and his own incredulous question—

"If it is not for love of Frank that she has engaged herself to him, why should she have done so?"

Ah, why indeed? Could it have been for the reason Frank gave him now?

"I was madly selfish," Frank went on, in a voice full of regret. "I had not thought of her pain, poor child!

"I wanted her to save me from myself, and she was so gentle and brave. She tried so hard to be to me all that she would have been had she really loved me that she grew very dear to me.

"I did not love her as I loved Sibyl: but the love might have come in time but for —— She is dead—I would not speak of her in anger now; but I was as wax in her hands, and I loved her madly.

"While Sidney, poor child, was trying to win me to a higher, better life, she, Sibyl, was dragging me down to the lowest depths of ignominy and disgrace.

"I concealed the hatred I felt against her husband, I crossed his threshold, I broke bread in his house, I shook his hand," Frank went on hoarsely—

"I, who hated him, who meditated the basest treachery against him!

"Daunt, looking back at that time, it seems to me that it would have been a lighter crime, a sin less black, to have shot him dead in open enmity than to have feigned friendship with such a base motive, to have taken his hand and eaten his salt, and meditated such black treachery."

There was silence in the pretty room for a few moments.

Stephen's face, turned towards the fire, was grave and pitiful, and his dark eyes had softened strangely as he listened.

"You saved her," Frank continued; "but for you, we should have fled that night; and though we have suffered much since then we were saved from a great sin.

"If I had not been a coward, much of my own suffering would have been avoided; and she, poor girl, suffered for a sin which had been unintentional, and which could have met with but a light penalty, if any, had she not fled, even as I did. It was my cowardice, my madness which was the cause of all the misery.

"Daunt, how can you bear the sight of me?" he went on passionately. "Do you know that not only did I think you guilty of murder, but I believed you capable of marrying Sidney to interpose a barrier between yourself and the punishment due to your crime? Can you ever forgive me?"

"We will say no more about it," Stephen said gently; "let the past rest; we shall never forget it perhaps, and the lessons it has taught us all need never be forgotten."

"Nay, they have been too deeply impressed on every heart," Frank returned huskily.

"They have left us sadder and wiser men and women. And you have really forgiven me," he added earnestly, "even the suffering I have caused her, and such suffering!" he continued, rising without waiting for an answer, and beginning to pace up and down the room with hurried agitated steps. "I shall never forget her face that night when she overheard those foolish false words. I thought she would have died!

"Nay, I know it pains you," he said tremulously; "and yet, since you doubt her love you must hear her heart-broken words, 'He is my husband, and I love him, I love him more dearly than life, than honor, than aught this world holds!' and again, 'Even his guilt could not lessen my love for him!'

"Ah, Daunt, believe me, it is almost worth such suffering to know that you have won such love as that, such love which will endure for ever! Ah, that is love indeed!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"SIDNEY, it is time to dress."

"Is it?" Sidney questioned indifferently, not moving from her low seat by the fire, into which for the last half-hour she had been staring with wide-open, unseeing, wistful eyes.

"And we must not be late to-night of all nights. Aunt Eva would be vexed, and Mr. Greville would think it unkind."

"And we must not be unkind to Mr. Greville," Sidney answered, trying to smile as she rose and turned to Agnes, who was gathering up her silks and wools, and who blushed a little at the significance of the pretty wistful voice.

There was a dinner-party at Lambswold that night, a large party, and yet not a formal one, for the guests were to be old friends, who were to assemble and celebrate Frank's restoration to freedom and happiness.

All that day Ashford had been en fete; for, very much against Frank's wishes, the town had made a public festival to express the sympathy of the inhabitants and to offer their congratulations; sympathy for his long exile and suffering and congratulations on his innocence being made so manifest to the world.

And the peace and gentleness on the aged face remembered so stern and severe were pleasant to look upon, as were the faint roses which were beginning to bloom in Christine's pale cheeks and the happy light shining in her blue eyes.

Mr. Greville's illness had put off this celebration much later than had been intended.

Doctor Arnold had feared the excitement and agitation for him, and it had been generally felt that the address must be postponed until the old lawyer was able to be present and able to share the rejoicings and congratulations.

The time of roses had come before a day could be fixed for Frank to receive the deputation, and it was the anniversary of Sidney Daunt's wedding-day.

Although it was the time of roses, they were not blooming in such profusion as they had been a year before.

The weather was cold still, and summer had not made such an early appearance as she had promised when spring came so smilingly and tripping so gaily along.

The cold winds still prevailed, and the sun had not much warmth as yet, and fires were still more than acceptable, almost necessary.

When Sidney entered her dressing-room to prepare for dinner, she found that Bessie had selected her wedding-dress for that evening's festivity, and it lay upon the sofa in all its satin sheen and the filmy lovelliness of lace with which it was trimmed.

Sidney's lip quivered as her eyes rested upon it.

She forced a little laugh as she turned to Bessie.

"I'm afraid it won't fit, Bessie," she said very carelessly. "I am so very thin now."

"Mason has been altering it, ma'am," Bessie answered. "I thought you would like to wear it to-night, my dear," she added tenderly, her kindly old heart aching for her young mistress as she noticed the young desolate eyes, the sad quivering mouth.

No allusion to the anniversary had been made by Stephen, and Agnes Burton, the only visitor at Easthorpe then, had not remembered it.

Mr. Daunt and Lady Eva had driven over in the afternoon with pretty gifts and kind congratulations.

Stephen had been at the cloth-mills then, and he had said nothing on his return, not even remarking the presents which Sidney was far too shy to bring to his notice.

All day long the young wife had felt depressed and miserable, with even more than usual sadness.

Only a year married, she thought pitifully and yet irrevocably parted!

Bound to each other for life, and yet as much separated as if an iron wall kept them asunder!

Could any misery equal their misery? Sidney wondered.

Surely no sorrow could be like unto their sorrow!

And yet, if Stephen had only taken her in his arms and whispered fondly that he loved her and that he blessed that day, would the whole world have held a happier woman?

Very wan and white and yet very beautiful was the face her mirror reflected back that evening.

She lingered a little while in her dressing-room after Bessie had completed her task, hoping almost against hope that Stephen would come to her even now, late in the day as it was.

Instead, Mason came with a message that Mr. Daunt and Miss Burton were waiting, and that the carriage was round.

And Sidney went downstairs in her long white cloak, and Stephen gave her his arm with the grave courtesy which always characterized his manner to her now.

Agnes followed in the pretty blue draperies which brought out the fairness of her skin and the bright hue of her hair in such perfection.

They drove away in the summer evening, Agnes and Stephen chatting gaily and carelessly, Sidney leaning back in her corner, silent, her pale loveliness chill and cold and pure as untrodden snow.

And yet, pale and cold, unmoved as she seemed, every passion of pain was making her heart sick and her limbs faint and nerveless.

She was thinking, with a woman's ingenious self-torture, that, if she had died in that illness from which she had rallied with such reluctance, in a little time Agnes might have taken her place as Stephen's wife, and given him the happiness he had hitherto missed. Agnes, who was so gentle and pure and tender and calm, who would make him such a perfect wife if only she, Sidney, did not exist to shut him out from all happiness.

As it was, she hoped and believed that Agnes would make Frank Greville forget his past misery, since he was learning to love her as fast as such lessons are generally learnt.

Lambswold was ablaze with light as they drove up the avenue, for the greater number of Mr. Daunt's guests were to spend the night under his hospitable roof, and they were already assembled in the beautiful drawing-room, which looked so charming with its soft lights and flowers and happy faces.

Frank and his sister were both there, and he former advanced to meet them with an eager light in the blue eyes which grew so tender as they rested on Agnes Burton's blushing face.

Christine shrank back a little as they approached.

It was the first time she and Sidney had met since that snowy night when "Doctor Anderson" had visited Easthorpe.

Christine felt that Sidney could not yet forget her bitter words.

Sidney's lips quivered as she put out both hands to her friend, and Christie's blue eyes filled as she whispered—

"Can you forgive me, Sidney?"

"Ah, if I did not," Sidney returned, with trembling lips, "how could he forgive me?"

It was a pleasant party, for one and all exerted themselves to make it so.

Lady Eva, at the head of the table in her costly laces and rich violet velvet, was happy in the consciousness that she could hold her own even among so many younger beauties.

Mr. Daunt was the perfection of a host, and Stephen seconded him well.

Dolly was shyly but completely happy in the thought of her own approaching marriage, which was to take place before the roses were over, and Lloyd was equally radiant in his own way.

He had taken Sidney in to dinner, and he was touched by the pathetic effort she made to appear at her ease, and to enter into the cheerfulness and happiness of those around her.

More than once he saw the sweet wistful eyes travel to Stephen's face as he sat at the other side talking gaily and lightly to his neighbor, a vivacious little lady, the prettiest married flirt in Ashford or its neighborhood.

Stephen himself, unconscious as he seemed, was not unaware of the sweet sad eyes which so constantly wandered to his face, and, under cover of his laughing flirtation with Lady Knight, his heart throbbed fast with pleasure.

The happiness he had foreseen in Sibyl Rutledge's dying room was nearly at hand now.

He would not put out his hand to reach it.

She should bring it to him and put it into his hands, and he would not go forward a step to meet her.

He loved her—ah, how dearly!—and yet he meditated a little revenge upon her for the doubt which had so outraged him, and which in his heart he had forgiven long since.

She should come to him, he thought, and put her hands in his, and tell him that she loved him.

She must do so without any advance on his side.

Hard as it was to resist those pleading wistful looks, he resisted them—he would not capitulate yet!

When the ladies left the table, the men drew up their chairs, and Frank was the hero of the hour.

His flight was rather a delicate subject to touch upon, and it was avoided by tacit consent, and he himself was so quiet and grave and grateful that the old friends who knew him so well felt that the suffering he had undergone had not been useless, since he had come out of it purified from vanity and selfishness, even as the dross is removed from gold by fire, and henceforth he would have higher views of life and nobler ambitions than those which had formerly ruled him.

They did not linger long over their wine; and Lady Knight's bright eyes flashed a laughing welcome as Stephen entered the room and made his way to a low luxurious chair by her side.

Sidney was near them, sitting on a couch beside Christine; and her eyes brightened as she saw how Frank found his way to Agnes Burton's side, and bent over her with the tender smile in his eyes and the gentle deferential manner which had had such a charm in the old careless happy days.

It was a pretty sight, the charming artistic drawing-room with its soft lights and flowers and ornaments, the dainty dresses, the glittering gems, the bright eyes and happy faces.

"Mr. Milner is going to sing," said Lady Knight's pretty gay voice. "He sings so well, and with so much pathos, that I always feel inclined to cry."

"You stop at the inclination, I suppose?" Stephen interrogated languidly, glancing over at his wife, who was talking to Mr. Daunt as he bent over the sofa on which she sat. "I wonder if you know how to cry?"

"Was there ever a woman who did not?" she answered, laughing. "Tears are the most potent weapon in a woman's armory, stronger even than smiles.

"Whenever I want anything that Jack does not wish me to have, I have only to take out my handkerchief and he gives in at once. Does not Mrs. Daunt ever—— But I must cease chattering, for Mr. Milner is beginning."

A soft sweet melody in a minor key was stealing through the room, and the gay chatter had ceased.

Even in a mixed company people were always silent when Lloyd Milner sang or played; even those who professedly dis-

liked music in general could not fail to like him; and the room was very still as his tender tenor voice rose, singing some pathetic passionate lines which he himself had set to music.

"Oh, say, thou wild, thou oft-deceived heart,
Why mean these noisy throbbings in my breast?
After thy long unuttered woe,
Wouldst thou not rest?

"Fallen from life's tree the sweet rose-blossom lies,
And fragrant youth has fled. What made to seem
This earth as fair to thee as Paradise
Was all a dream.

"The blossoms fell, the thorn was left to me;
Deep from the wound the blood-drops ever flow;
All that I have are yearnings, wild desires,
And wrath and woe.

"They brought me Lethe's water, saying, 'Drink,
Drink for the draught is sweet,' I heard them say—
'Shalt learn how soft a thing forgetting is.'
I answered, 'Nay.'"

Very softly, very tenderly, with unspeakable pathos, the young barrister sang; rich and true and tender rose the beautiful tenor voice on the stillness and silence of the room; almost every face was turned towards the piano. Dolly, who was standing near it, felt her eyes fill with tears—even Lady Knight's bright eyes were softened and misty; Sidney had shrunk back in the corner of the couch, trembling, and pale as her white dress.

With increased tenderness the singer went on—

"What though indeed it were an idle quest,
Nathless to me 'twas very fair and blest;
With every breath I draw I know that love
Reigns in my breast.

"Let me go forth—and thou, my heart, bleed on,
A lonely spot I seek by night and day
That love and sorrow I may there breathe forth
In a last lay."

As the last tender chords died away there was a little rustle of silken skirts and the sound of a closing door.

"I am afraid Mrs. Daunt is ill," Lady Knight said, in a subdued tone. "She looks so white as she left the room. Shall I go to her?"

"I will go," Stephen answered hurriedly. "Pray do not trouble; Sidney is not very strong yet. Perhaps," he added, with a slight laugh, "you will be good enough to cover our absence."

And then, amid the buzz of the conversation, which was resumed as promptly and as generally as it had ceased when the music began, Stephen rose from his chair and followed his wife.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THERE was a little sitting-room opening on to the hall at Lambswold which was Dolly's exclusive property, a pretty dainty room panelled in light-colored shining wood and full of pretty trifles with which girls like to surround themselves.

It was hither Sidney Daunt came when she escaped from the drawing-room at the close of Lloyd Milner's song.

She had hastened out of the room fearing lest her self-command should forsake her, for the words, even more than the music of the song, had touched her keenly, and she felt that she might give way and cry aloud. She was far from strong yet, poor child, and her limbs were trembling and unsteady as she entered Dolly's little sitting-room; and crossing to the window as quickly as her weakness would let her, she threw it open and sank down on the old-fashioned window-sill.

The room was in semi-darkness, for the gas was turned down low and the fire had died out.

A chill breeze came in at the open window, and called Sidney quickly back to fuller consciousness and life, lifting the soft rings of hair upon her forehead and cooling the heated throbbing brow; but she still felt faint and confused, and did not turn her head as the door opened.

Perhaps she hoped that the indifferent light in the room would help her to escape notice; but the keen dark eyes of the intruder saw the slender drooping figure in the window and he came forward hastily. It was a fine starlit night, and the branches of the full-leaved trees rustled gently in the breeze, making a soft monotonous lross-fros.

"Not a very prudent proceeding," Stephen said quietly, as he bent over his wife, feeling her sudden convulsive start at sound of his voice, and gently closed the window. "The wind is quite cold to-night. Is anything the matter, Sidney? Were you ill? Did you feel faint?"

"No; but the room was warm," she answered hoarsely, "and I was tired, and—Lloyd's music is——"

"Rather ill-chosen perhaps for a large party," Stephen said, with a slight laugh. "Many of us, I should think, are likely to be moved by such pathetic ditties."

There was a silence. Sidney's pretty tired head was leaning against the window, her slender figure half hidden by the lace curtains.

Sidney was still trembling, and greatly moved under the calm grave scrutiny of the dark eyes which were fixed upon her face, drinking in its fair fragile loveliness, while Stephen was wondering whether the old sweet wild-roses would ever bloom there again, whether the dark sweet eyes would ever meet his with the look of love in them which he had dreamed of sometimes, whether the tender sorrowful lips would ever be pressed to his in all the ecstacy of a mutual, passionate, enduring love.

"You are better?" he said gently, bending towards her.

"Yes," she answered faintly.

"Will you go back to the drawing-room?"

"Not yet," she said, raising her eyes to his for a moment. "They will not miss me, and—and—it is cooler here."

"As you like," he answered carelessly; and again there was a little silence, during which Sidney fancied she could hear the beating of her own heart in the stillness of the little room.

Dared she plead with him now? she wondered. Dared she ask him to forgive her? Would the memory of their wedding-day soften his heart towards her?

Would he reject her entreaty? Would he turn from her coldly? If he should, what would life hold for her?

She could never learn how sweet a thing forgetting is, and she could find no happiness while her every hour was haunted by the remembrance of the cruel wrong she had done him, of the cruel doubt with which she had insulted him.

And yet would not the thought that through it all she had loved him soften his heart and make him forgive her, even against his will, since he himself had said that "a love which had lived through the suspicion—nay, the certainty—of guilt would be love indeed"?

Once or twice she raised the sweet, timid, pleading eyes to his grave dark face and strove to speak: but the words died upon her lips, and momentarily her agitation increased.

Stephen waited in silence; even now he would not help her, although he had to put a strong restraint upon himself not to take her into his strong arms and fold the little trembling form to his breast.

As they remained there in silence there came from the distance a half-audible strain of dance-music, and Stephen started slightly.

"I believe they are going to dance," he said lightly. "I must go. You prefer to remain here?"

"Yes," Sidney answered, with trembling lips: and he moved away slowly from the window.

Sidney's heart throbbed to suffocation: if he left her now, she might not again have another opportunity—or so good a one—of entreating his forgiveness. She could not—she could not let him go thus.

"Stephen!"

Faint as the whisper was, it caught his ear. He turned towards her expectantly, but without the smallest outward sign of the eagerness he felt. She had risen, and stood, with bowed head, holding back the lace curtain with one little trembling hand.

"You wished to speak to me?" he said gently.

"Yes."

She dropped the curtain and came forward: as the light of the lamp fell upon her face, he saw that it was white as marble, but strangely moved.

In silence he waited. Ah, how cruel he was! Sidney thought piteously. He must know what it was she wished to say to him.

"Stephen," she began again tremulously; and once more the faint voice failed her.

"What is it?" he said.

"Can—you—will you forgive me?" she whispered, leaning heavily against the table, and looking at him in piteous appeal.

"Forgive you?" he echoed. "Forgive you what, Sidney?"

At the tenderness of his voice, reproachful though his intonation was, she broke down, and the answer came with sobs she could not repress.

"Ah, you know—you know!" she cried passionately. "My doubt of you, the suspicion you yourself called horrible! And yet—and yet—it was all its own punishment! Ah, do you know what I have suffered in that terrible thought—so much more terrible, too, when I thought that through me punishment would come to you? Stephen, I think if you could know—— Ah, I cannot plead!" she said, falling suddenly upon her knees, and holding out her little trembling hands to him. "I have no words, no excuse, save that I was mad—no plea for pardon, save that through it all I loved you."

"You loved me?" he questioned.

"You do not believe me," she sobbed. "I deserve that you should not; yet it is true. Oh, Stephen, I never loved you more dearly, more entirely than on that night! I could have killed Frank for accusing you; but—when I looked back—— Oh, yes, I know that I was mad! No one but a madwoman would have believed you—guilty—and——"

He had raised her from the ground and supported her on his arm, as he looked down gravely upon her tear-dimmed eyes and trembling lips, which pleaded so incoherently and yet so well; but there was no tenderness in his clasp, he merely gave her the support she needed, and without which she must have fallen.

"What had you seen in me to lead you to such a belief?" he asked her, seeing that she could not speak. "That I might have caused the death of Mr. Rutledge by an accident is certain; but that I should have concealed that fact and let another man suffer for my cowardice is not, it seems to me a crime so dastardly that I could not believe it of my worst enemy. She, poor soul, was afraid, and hardly thought, in her terror, of the misery she was causing others. Had she done so, I——"

He paused, remembering that even on her death-bed Sibyl Rutledge's eyes had gleamed fiercely with hatred of Sidney.

Would she have spared her suffering if she could?

At the pitying tone of her husband's voice as he spoke of the unhappy woman who had caused all their misery a faint red tinge came into Sidney's face, a pang of old jealousy struck her heart.

"You can make excuses for her," she said unsteadily, "and yet you make none for me! Ah, forgive me, forgive me!" she added, her momentary resentment fading at once before his reproachful glance. "Even she did not suffer more than I have done; and she is dead and at rest, and I have to live on. I cannot—I cannot die!"

Her head fell forward upon his breast: the strong arm tightened its clasp of the little trembling form, the proud grave face was bent over the shining brown head next to his heart; there was nothing but love in the dark eyes now—love and sympathy.

But she did not raise her eyes to meet them.

"Stephen," she went on piteously, "through it all I loved you—even when I thought you most guilty, I loved you most, because—because I felt that you had the most need of me—and I would have been so good and tender if you had come——"

Lower bent the proud dark head, until the bearded lips touched the shining hair.

"Then, now that you know that I am innocent, have you ceased to love me?" he asked her softly. "Since, when you thought me most guilty, you loved me best, now that I am innocent has your love gone from me?"

No answer, save the close pressure of the pretty head against him.

"If, when you came to warn me of my danger," he went on in the same low voice, "I had acknowledged my guilt, would you have fled with me? Would you not rather have fled from me, shrinking from such a blood-stained coward?"

"Did I seem to shrink then?" she whispered. "Oh, my husband, how can I make you believe that I never for one moment ceased to love you? Ah, won't you try"—as she spoke, she raised her tender earnest face for a moment to his—"won't you try to forgive me, and then perhaps some day—you may even love me—a little—some day—not yet perhaps—but one day in the future?"

"That day dawned many a year ago, Sidney," Stephen said tenderly; and, my darling, when its night comes life will be over with me."

Closer in his arms now, pressed to his heart so that she could feel its fierce passionate throbs against her shoulder, she raised her head and looked at him with wistful wondering eyes, incredulous in their joy, passionate in their enduring love. On his face there was a light of tenderness she had never seen there before.

Without a word she placed her white arms around his neck, and her whole frame thrilled as his lips touched hers.

And thus, on their real wedding-day, the cloud was lifted from the lives of Stephen and Sidney Daunt; and that cloud, heavy as it had been, had, like other clouds, its silver lining.

The troubles through which they had passed had but increased their love for each other, and had deepened and strengthened the characters of both husband and wife.

* * * * *

A few months later, when the roses had faded and the golden autumnal tints were clothing the woods with varied and gorgeous beauty, Stephen Daunt and his wife stood together by a simple gravestone in a pretty peaceful little cemetery on the outskirts of Paris—a gravestone which bore no name and no inscription, and on the surface of which only two letters were carved—the letters "S. R"—and a date.

On the simple tombstones around it—it was a humble quarter, and there were no stately marble tombs and "In Memoriam" chapels—friends and mourning relatives had placed wreaths and flowers in token of loving remembrance of their dead, and this tombstone bore one also, a poor wreath of immortelles, bearing the words, formed in black flowers on a yellow ground, "A mon amie," which had been placed there by the humble friend who had soothed the lonely dying hours of the hapless woman who lay at rest beneath the slab.

Exquisitely neat was the little enclosure, and very calm and peaceful was the scene which had caught the last rays of the setting sun; but with the calm and peace there was a little desolate feeling which made Sidney shiver; and Stephen's hand closed fondly over hers.

"Come away, dear," he said gently. "It is cold here for you."

"I am not cold," she answered. "But, oh, Stephen, it seems so lonely for her here!"

Her tears were falling fast upon the cold gravestone; and, with a few soothing words, he led her away to where the carriage waited for them; and they left Sibyl Rutledge to her rest in earth's gentle bosom, to the peace for which she must have longed with all the passion of her sinful suffering heart, and which came to her at dawn on the gray March morning.

As they drove through the golden sunlight which was touching the golden domes of the great gay city before them, back to the hotel, Sidney's face was grave and pitiful, and her fingers clung closely to her husband's hand; but presently he began to talk to her of happier things, and the sadness fled away.

They spoke of Dolly and her husband and their honeymoon tour under Southern skies, of Agnes Burton's engagement to Frank Greville—which a loving letter from Agnes, accompanied by a few earnest, manly lines from her fiance had announced that morning—of other nearer and dearer hopes of their own which might be fulfilled in the spring, hopes which might bring a crowning joy to Easthorpe with the snowdrops and primroses; and the painful impression of that simple grave faded from Sidney's mind, although she will never forget, but always remember with pity and compassion, the unhappy woman whose last resting-place it is, and whose peerless beauty had been, in truth, a fatal dower.

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

SAWDUST.—The sawdust and refuse of the sawmill is now made to yield fourteen gallons of turpentine, three or four gallons of resin and a quantity of tar per cord.

LUMBER DRYING.—The process of drying lumber by surrounding it with common salt is just now attracting attention. The peculiar power of salt for extracting moisture is well known.

ELECTRICITY.—The French railroad companies are about to adopt an electric gate opener, which not only attends the gates with fidelity, but vigorously rings a bell on the approach of a train.

MAGNETIC HAMMERS.—Hammers, the heads of which are magnetized so as to attract nails, for facilitating the making of rough boxes for packing fruit, are now used on the continent. We remember using magnetized tack hammers, so long as twenty-five years ago; but, although the heads were protected by a piece of India rubber tube, they soon lost their magnetism. Certainly, we omitted to place them at night due north and south, parallel with the main direction of the earth's magnetism, which is perhaps the reason of their failure.

PAPER FROM WOOD.—A New York man has recently perfected a roller pulp machine by which sawdust, shavings, chips or any refuse of mills can be made into a first-class quality of printing paper, without even the addition, as has heretofore been found necessary, of expensive material like rags, cotton or jute. It has also been found possible to make a fair quality of paper from the debris of sugar cane, cotton stalks, wild hemp and even weeds, while soft woods like spruce, pine, fir, hemlock and poplar make a paper in every way as good as the best quality now used by the newspapers.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—A good ewe well kept pays for its keep in wool, the manure pays for the labor and the lamb is the profit. A three-months old lamb is often worth more than its dam, and a flock of a dozen sheep will easily pay a farmer $100 a year, if only for the domestic consumption of meat, and small flocks may be managed by a boy.

LEAVES.—It will not pay to collect forest leaves to be used as manure alone, but there is a profit in gathering them for other purposes. They are particularly adapted to the wants of many kinds of fruit trees and vines as a mulch, and as an enlivener of the soil. When composted with earth they are excellent for young plants, and also make excellent bedding for stock.

SEED CORN.—A Western farmer advises stringing seed corn by tying the ears together with husks in some place where the grain can be saturated with coal smoke. The odor, he says, repels squirrels and worms from eating the seed. The seed comes up quicker, the plants grow more vigorously and ripen several days earlier than from seed not so treated.

VALUE OF MEATS.—A sensible and scientific correspondent of an exchange says: "Among the meats generally eaten there is none which has so high a percentage of nutriment as mutton. This fact is not generally appreciated as it should be." Not only is it true that mutton contains a higher percentage of nutriment, but it is considered by all authorities as the most healthful meat and the only wonder is that it is not more generally used.

FLOWERS.—At this time, when cut flowers fade so soon, it is well to know that if a small bit of the stem is cut off and the end immersed in very hot water the flower will frequently revive and resume its beauty. Colored flowers are more easily rejuvenated than white ones, which are apt to turn yellow. For preserving flowers in water finely pulverized charcoal should be put into the vase at this season. Where vines are growing in water charcoal will prevent foul odors from the standing water.

ENSILAGE.—Those who have tested ensilage now claim that the use of the silo is unnecessary, and the following plan is proposed instead: Stack the clover, rye or whatever is used to a desired height, and then put over it a tight floor and afford pressure with heavy weights. It is said that the weight prevents the air entering the mass the same as if there were walls at the sides of the stack. Others claim such method answers for clover or rye; in the case of corn fodder sufficient pressure could not be secured to dispense with the silo.

GAS TAR.—Ordinary gas-coal tar is an excellent disinfectant, and should be kept on every farm. Take an old whisky barrel and pour in one or two gallons of the tar and fill the barrel with water. Stir every time it is used and sprinkle on the floors of stables. It will kill lice on hogs and cattle, cure the mange, and even destroy lice in poultry houses. It may be used freely as a wash or sprinkled where most needed, and is harmless. While the water in the barrel is being used more can be supplied daily, as a gallon of tar will suffice for a large quantity.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 20, 1884.

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THE FALSE AND THE REAL.

There are few traits of character more contemptible than an affectation of modesty. The poor sort of love—born partly of pity and partly of vanity—which is felt for modesty, turns to bitter hate as soon as it is discovered that the underrating and the retiring are counterfeits.

And yet there is nothing in this revelation beyond the recognition of a cheat. The cheat existed before—it was the very essence of the so-called virtue; but the person cheated was supposed to be the man or woman who cherished an inadequate idea of self.

The only change in the position of affairs is that it is now seen that it is the other party that has been cozened, and the cheated has been really the cheater. Instead of the "modest" person having had a too mean opinion of self, he or she has been quite aware of the fact as regards personal excellences, but tried to win regard by pretending to be ignorant of them.

It argues badly for human nature that we should all be so willing to deceive and be deceived, if only, by so doing, we can be gratified, and have our self-love agreeably stimulated.

Modesty is a pretty rather than a thoroughly respectable quality. It is like that "mincing gait" and "gentle, dove-like manner" which are wondrous feeble, but practically fascinating, especially to the weak-minded.

In man it imparts amiability to the spirit of intercourse; in woman it produces a sort of a coyness which men like, and women like, too, chiefly for the selfish reasons we have already indicated. A "modest man," if he be not effeminate, is admired and preferred as an associate to the loud and bold talker and the self-assertive man, albeit the latter may be the more accurate in his judgment, and strong-minded in his policy and demeanor.

A truly modest woman is womanly, than which no higher compliment can possibly be paid her. We concede all this; and everybody must, of course, concede it in view of the sense in which the term is used, and particularly when we think of what its opposite—immodesty—is held to imply in the sexes respectively.

Modesty, properly defined and estimated, is to be valued only when its means, self-restraint and self-respecting reserve—in short, when it is an outcome of judgment, instead of the mere fruit of innocence, which is another word for ignorance. True wisdom prompts the possessor of excellent qualities—who knows and values his possession—to exercise self-restraint with regard to the parade of personal advantages in society.

It is felt that good taste may be easily offended, because good taste is a matter of common sense, and the intelligent being gifted with excellence of brain or body will feel that other folk may be equally gifted, that nothing but conflict would result from a counter-demonstration, and that, as regards those who are not equally gifted, it would be humiliating and unkind to expose their defects by contrast.

These considerations lie at the root of the feeling or sentiment of true modesty in a well-balanced mind, and so it comes to pass that, after all, the great principle, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," underlies this as it does every other virtue.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," is the law and the prophets; and the man or woman who does this, must needs be modest.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A FINE of five hundred dollars will hereafter be imposed upon persons convicted of selling or offering for sale oleomargarine or butterine in Vermont.

—

IN the public schools of Greece the four gospels of the New Testament are used as a reader by the children of the most advanced classes of the primary department, and the new Minister of Education proposes to extend their use to the higher shools.

—

THE "Journal of Inebriety" gives results of an inquiry into the nature of diet, the object of which was to solve the question of how far certain foods encouraged or prevented the craving for drink. It concluded that macaroni, beans, dried peas, and lentils antagonize in a marked degree the desire for alcohol. In the treatment of alcoholism, farinaceous foods should be used in preference to all others.

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A CRUSADE against the steam whistle is being waged by the newspapers, business men, and others, in Savannah, Ga., who complain of the great loss of sleep it causes, not to speak of the great interruption to telephone conversation and other things during business hours.

—

THE reputed site of the Garden of Eden at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, is now a sterile tract, where the only vegetable life consists of a clump of date trees near a very small and dirty village, at which the Turks maintain a garrison and a telegraph office. The inhabitants point out to strangers the Tree of Knowledge—a most sickly specimen, bearing a small green berry which would certainly cause even a goat to turn away in disgust.

—

IN the Women's Exchange of many cities, the practice is obtaining a hold of allowing poor people to cook and furnish edibles of various sorts, which are sold to and paid for at a good rate by the rich or well-to-do folk who patronize the exchange. The exchange is an institution started by a band of philosophic ladies, who conceived the plan of helping poor women by giving them an opportunity to help themselves. There is not a department within the range of women's work—as has been said, cooking included—that is not represented in the rooms of these exchanges. The experiment is proving very successful, particularly in Western and Southwestern cities.

—

THE question as to the habitability of the planets has lately been discussed with much ability by an English professor. His conclusions are that the four large outer planets have not sufficiently cooled down to allow life on their surface such as is seen on the earth; that Mars gives all telescopic and spectroscopic probabilities of conditions compatible with life as we see it; that the earth, certainly for periods of years, has been covered with multifarious life; that in respect to Venus and Mercury no certain evidence or knowledge presents itself; and that the satellites are manifestly not fitted for such life as the earth exhibits—the moon in particular, having no water and no atmosphere.

—

MOST Americans do not have homes; they have merely places to stay, where the father can read his newspaper, the mother ply the sewing-machine, and the children make molasses candy, or have annual birthday parties. But the idea of a heart center, where love is cherished, thoughts are fostered, and morals expanded, is apparently unheard of in their philosophy. Mater-familias goes to church on Sunday without an idea that she is leaving the holiest temple behind her, of which she is the high priestess, and, if you should dissect her brain, you would find in the corner devoted to "necessities" the strata of clothes, cooks, sewing girls, and roast turkey, fill up all but the smallest crevice conscientiously set aside for religious belief.

—

THE last use for paper is making counterpanes and pillow-shams. No. 1 Manilla paper is used, two large sheets being held together by small twine at intervals of three or four inches, gummed so as to stick the sheets together where the twine lies. The twine strengthens the paper. The margin of the counterpane has a hem, in which is more of the twine to keep it from tearing. Beautiful designs are printed on the upper surface of the counterpane and pillow-shams, which make a very neat appearance. When they become wrinkled they can be made smooth by hot flat-irons. They retail at seventy-five cents a set. The counterpane can be left on the bed when it is occupied, if so desired, and in cold weather it will be found a very neat and warm article of bed clothing, since the paper will prevent the escape of heat equally as well as a woolen blanket.

—

OF an iron egg in the Berlin Museum the following story is told: Many years ago a prince became affianced to a lovely princess, to whom he promised to send a magnificent gift as a testimonial of his affection. In due time the messenger arrived, bringing the promised gift, which proved to be an iron egg. The princess was so angry to think that the prince should send her so valueless a present that she threw it upon the floor, when the iron egg opened, disclosing a silver lining. Surprised at such a discovery, she took the egg in her hand, and while examining it closely, discovered a secret spring, which she touched, and the silver lining opened, disclosing a golden yolk. Examining it closely, she found another spring, which, when opened, disclosed within the golden yolk a ruby crown. Subjecting that to an examination, she touched a spring, and forth came the diamond ring with which he affianced her to himself.

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Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When, in the early morning, the day's affairs press themselves on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished—when every interruption is received impatiently and the clock is watched in distress as its moments flit past—then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur in this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out. If only we can keep cool and calm we shall be less wearied when we reach the eventide. The children may be fractious, the servants trying, the friend we love may fail to visit us, the letter we expect may not arrive; but if we can preserve our tranquility of soul and demeanor, we shall get through all right.

—

To be successful nothing would daunt us. If we persevere, determined to succeed, we shall be continually finding help and assistance when we least expect it. When all our efforts fail, and we are sunk to the very brink of despair, Providence steps in, and bids us hope again. Another secret of success is the proper appreciation of the value of time. Samuel Johnson tells us: "He that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single moments, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground." A learned gentleman who had to wait at a railway station for a train, was heard to exclaim: "Ten minutes lost forever!" Here is one of the greatest secrets—we had almost said the secret of success—time waits for no man; therefore, every moment should be seized upon with profit. Often, whilst contemplating an action, men will say: "I must do this, or that, when I have time;" but the time never comes, unless they are determined to find it; for there is nothing in life that men could not find an excuse for neglecting, were they not compelled by necessity to find the time to do it.

—

THE tribute of flowers on mortuary or nuptial occasions is so common and profuse that they smother sentiment often out of sight, and are actually offensive to good taste. A sentiment is touched by either event, and flowers are the embodiment of grief or joy. The modest and beautiful bouquet that was deemed sufficient in former times is superseded by floral displays rivaling a floricultural exhibition, and incongruous piles of devices, hardly regarded, and perhaps not known save in the reports of the gentlemen of the press, crowd the mourners or the mated with such profusion that it becomes a puzzle what to do with them. It is the fashion to do it, and florists are taxed to produce original pieces, not so much to express respectful or more tender grief, but for the sake of getting up something new. At funerals is this excess most manifest, and whole carriages are devoted at times to carrying to the grave the various lyres, baskets, pillows, broken shafts, gates ajar, and what not, that are but half seen through the mourner's tears, and subject to the curious, who speculate on their cost and criticise their construction or appropriateness. The latter criticism often obtains where designs are sent that have little or no relevancy in their meaning, as was the case some time since, where a spectator said, regarding the floral tributes for one who had led a life that would not have met the approval of the angels: "Why, the designs were elegant, and among the rest was a beautiful gate ajar that was very graceful." A modest old lady, who had heard the eulogium of the flowers, and knew the party honored, replied, "Which gate?"

THE WHITE FALL.

BY E. S.

The rugged old witch who lives in the sky
  Once more is plucking her geese;
Hither and thither the feathers fly,
  The earth is white as a fleece.
The cold wind scuffs at the window-ledge,
  Like a wolf grown overbold;
And a gray cloud sinks o'er the ragged ridge,
  Like a lamb astray from the fold.

The trees rich cloaks of ermine have,
  Each bush is a white-clad pope;
The gateposts are mitred, like bishops grave,
  And the pump seems frosted with age.
Fantastic forms in the night have had birth,
  Which the wondering vision reaps.
Under her pure white blanket, the earth
  Like a worn-out mother, sleeps.

Through the hushed wood the muffled stroke
  Of the woodman's ax is heard;
And, sheathed in his white dress, sir, the brook
  Only mutters in broken words.
The sledge-track that leads down the fenceless road,
  Winds away with its double row;
Hedge, turnpike and meadow are overflowed
  Knee-deep in the floundering snow.

All is buried and earthened down,
  Like a slave that is taxed till he reels;
And the gazer, to very weariness grown,
  The same oppression feels.
But the heart is cheered by the thought that deep
  Under the snow's white wing,
The myriad seeds of the earth but sleep,
  And grow ripe for blossoming.

Very Kind Indeed.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

MILLY BARRINGTON was only eighteen when she came to live at Holly Lodge.

"Very young to be married," said the gossips of the neighborhood; still younger to assume all the cares and responsibilities of the household.

And there were not lacking divers doleful prophets who declared, with eyes rolled up and mouths drawn down, that Mrs. Barrington never would "get on" with the old colonel.

"He is so fastidious," said one.

"So difficult to suit," said another.

"His ideal is so impossibly high!" demanded a third.

But to their surprise—perhaps a little to their disappointment—Milly and her father-in-law were the best of friends from the very first moment in which they looked upon each other's face.

Milly was anxious to learn, so eager to comprehend the ins and outs of the great roomy old farmhouse, so ambitious to excel every housekeeper in the neighborhood, that the old gentleman said, with a smile, to his son—

"Don't let that little girl undertake too much, Dudley."

And Dudley Barrington answered, with a yawn—

"There's no danger of that, sir. The ladies of Holly Lodge have always been first-rate housekeepers, you know. And if a woman is at work, she isn't spending money foolishly, or gossipping."

Colonel Barrington's keen blue eyes regarded his son sharply for a moment.

"Do you think Milly is addicted to either of those pernicious practices?" said he.

"They come natural to all women, don't they?" said Dudley, shrugging his shoulders.

"Not to all," said the colonel.

And in his secret soul he wondered if Dudley was really worthy of such a jewel as Millicent, his wife.

So the weeks went on, and Milly stood bravely to her helm, until one bright October day, the colonel, chancing to pass the low kitchen window, where the hop-vines made a screen of moving shadow, looked smilingly into where his daughter-in-law was at work.

"Have you got a glass of cool milk for me, little girl?" said he.

Milly brought the milk promptly.

"See, papa!" she said, triumphantly pointing to the table, "what a baking I have done to-day. Three apple-pies, three loaves of bread, a pan of biscuit, a loaf of cup-cake, and a dozen plum-tarts."

"Bravo!" said the colonel. "But, Milly, why are you baking? Where is Hannah?"

"Hannah wanted her wages raised," said Milly, rather soberly. "And Dudley said it was all nonsense keeping a girl, when I was so fond of housework. So she has gone."

"But are you fond of housework?" asked the colonel; "in itself, as an abstract thing, I mean?"

"Yes, papa," Milly answered, with some hesitation. "But I'm a little tired this morning. I rose early, swept the house through before breakfast, so as to have time for the baking."

"You are a good little girl," said the father-in-law, "but we mustn't let you work too hard."

"Papa," said Milly, with downcast lashes, and a deep pink shadow creeping over her cheek, "I've been thinking for some time that—that——"

"Well," said the colonel, encouragingly.

"That I should like to ask you for a little money," faltered Milly.

"Money!" echoed Colonel Barrington in surprise. "Doesn't Dudley give you all you want?"

Once more Milly hesitated.

"He wants to know what everything is for," said she. "He thinks a shilling is too much for ribbon, and he says bonnet-frames ought to be had cheaper than I pay, and he declares it's all nonsense to buy silk gloves when cotton will do as well. And I do need another feather for my hat since the rain spoiled the canary-colored one, but I don't like to ask him for it."

"Do you mean to say," said Colonel Barrington, leaning his elbows on the sill, "that you don't have a regular allowance every week?"

"No, papa," said Milly, lifting her prettily-arched brows. "Dudley says women don't know how to use money, and that a wife should always receive every penny she spends from her husband. And—I can tell you, papa, because you are so kind to me—I am so ashamed to have him think me extravagant, and I do really need so many little things that men haven't any idea of. It's a little hard sometimes."

Colonel Barrington took a goodly roll of bills out of his pocket, and laid them on the window-sill.

"Here, little girl," he said; "you have earned them a dozen times over.

Milly reached up to kiss him through the vine-leaves.

"Oh, papa, you are such a darling," she said.

He only patted her in reply.

"Dudley doesn't know what a treasure he has got," he pondered, as he kept on his walk up to the front verandah, where a great maple-tree was showering its yellow trophies over the steps, and its balmy sunshine slept on the painted floor. "He is making a Circassian slave out of that dear little woman."

And the colonel took his book and stretched himself comfortably out in the hammock for his evening's reveries.

It was the next day that his son came to him in the library, where a little fire of logs had been kindled, for a chill north-east rain had blown all the yellow maple-leaves away, and the sunshine was obscured in driving clouds.

"Well, my boy," said the colonel kindly, "you are off for the city, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Barrington, junior, a tall, straight, handsome young man, with a brown complexion, and dark, sparkling eyes. "And before I go, perhaps you had better give me a cheque on the bank, if it's quite convenient."

"A cheque!" said the colonel. "For what?"

"I'm about out of ready cash," said Dudley carelessly; "and a little spending money would me very handy for current expenses."

"Ah!" observed the colonel. "And what are you going to buy?"

Dudley looked at his father in amazement.

"I need an autumn suit, sir," said he, "and——"

"Yes, yes!" nodded the old gentleman. "And how much do you pay for an autumn suit now?"

"Oh, five or six pounds!" answered Dudley.

"Five or six pounds!" echoed Colonel Barrington. "Isn't that rather vague?"

"A fellow never knows exactly——" explained Dudley.

"Ah, but you ought to know!" interrupted the old gentleman. "And now I am on the subject, you buy your clothes of Lanier, don't you? And aren't there cheaper places?"

"And," added Dudley, "I've a little bill at the sugar-store to settle and there are some new books I should like to read; and——"

"Just send in the bills to me," said Colonel Barrington; "I'll pay them."

"The bootmaker, sir——"

"You must try and not be too extravagant with your boots," said Colonel Barrington gravely. "Young men have so many factitious wants, nowadays! But, as I said before, let all the bills be sent to me. And as for spending money, here is enough for the present."

He drew out a note, and handed it to his son.

Dudley stared at it in amazement.

It was a five-shilling postal order.

"I expected a cheque, sir," said he, somewhat dissatisfied.

"Did you?" said Colonel Barrington.

"It isn't agreeable to be put on such an allowance," went on Dudley sharply. "I'm not accustomed to it, and——"

"Not agreeable, eh?" said the colonel, comfortably adjusting his feet on an embroidered rest. "Then why do you practice the system with your wife?"

"I give her all that she needs to spend," said Dudley, coloring up.

"And I have given you all that you need," asserted Colonel Barrington.

"I am a man!" said Dudley.

"And she is a woman!" retorted the colonel.

"I am the manager of your town warehouse, and I claim my honest remuneration as such," cried Dudley. "I am no beggar. There is no penny which I ask for that I do not earn."

"That is Millicent's case exactly," said the wise old advocate. "She does the work of the house, and does it well. She is an economist in every sense of the word. Is it right that she should receive merely her board and clothes? Is she not entitled to a regular allowance to spend as she pleases? Do not think me a meddlesome old fogy, my son," Colonel Barrington added rising and placing his hand kindly on his son's shoulder. "But I have been observing all these things, and I merely wanted to give you a personal application of this latter in political economy. You see how it humiliates one to have to beg humbly for the money, that one has honestly earned—to be called upon for an account of every penny one wishes to spend. Don't put your wife into such a false position as this. Treat her as one of the firm of Barrington & Co."

Dudley Barrington stood still a moment, pondering; and then he said earnestly—

"I will, sir! You are right."

And Milly was delighted, that very day, to receive a cheque for an ample sum of money from her husband.

"Is it all for me?" she cried, with glittering eyes.

"Yes, all," Dudley answered, laughing.

"But what am I to do with so much money?"

"Lock it up in your desk, dear," he answered, "and spend it for your needs as they occur."

"But I never had so much before all at one time!" exclaimed the amazed Milly.

"No, you never had, more shame to me," acknowledged Dudley Barrington. "But I have come to the conclusion, Milly, that you are no child to be given a few shillings at a time. You are my little housekeeper, and deserve your regular salary. I shall give you this cheque of ten pounds, for your own personal expenses, at the beginning of every month, and you shall use and economise it as you choose. The household expenses, of course, will be paid out of the common stock."

Milly clapped her hands joyously.

"Oh, Dudley, I never felt so rich in my life!" said she. "Now I can dress like other women, and give a little money for the church, and help the poor, and feel independent! And I can lay up a little, too, Dudley, every month! Oh, you shall see what an excellent manager I can be!"

Dudley Barrington looked at his young wife with a sharp prick of conscience at his heart.

Why had he never made her so innocently happy before?

Simply because it had never occurred to him.

And Milly ran eagerly to her father-in-law.

"Papa!" she cried, "I am to have ten pounds a month, all for my own, and never to give account of a penny of it, unless I please! It is Dudley's own offer. Isn't he kind?"

And Colonel Barrington smiled and patted her head, and answered gravely—

"Very kind indeed."

HOW THE QUEEN WAS CONQUERED.—Attracted by Solomon's wealth and wisdom—the fame whereof had gone forth into many lands—the Queen of Sheba, the Beautiful, paid a visit to him, at his own court, that she might there admire his splendor.

Charmed with the courtesy and gallantry of the accomplished King, and amazed at his surpassing wisdom, which indeed was greater than all she had heard reported of it, the Queen still thought that Solomon could be outwitted, and she resolved to have the glory of outwitting and puzzling one so wise.

To this end she one day appeared before the King, bearing in one hand a wreath of natural flowers, the most beautiful she could gather, and in the other a similar wreath of artificial flowers, the most beautiful and like unto natural flowers that the cunning of herself and her hand-maidens, could fashion.

Of the two wreaths, the hues were of the brightest, and the flowers of the one were as if they had been pulled off the same stalks that bore the flowers of the other.

"Tell me now, O King," said the Queen, as she stood at some distance from the throne whereon the monarch sat—"tell me now, O King, which of these wreaths I hold in my hands is fashioned of artificial flowers—for one of them is so fashioned; and which of them of natural flowers, that grew from out the earth, and imbibed their beauty and their brightness from the sun, for of such of a truth is one of them formed."

And, lo! the King was sorely troubled, for he wist not what answer to make, seeing that the two wreaths were as like to one another as twin sisters at their mother's breast, or twin lilies on the same stalk.

And the courtiers of the King, and his princes, and his servants, were sorely grieved that the wisdom of the King should be at fault, and at last fail. But, lo! the spirit of wisdom came upon the King.

Observing some bees clustering outside, he ordered the window to be opened, and soon the bees came swarming into the court and after hovering for a moment, about the one wreath, they straightway left it and settled upon the other, which observing, "*That*," said the King—"*that*, and not the other, is the wreath of the flowers that grew from out the earth and in the sun, and were not fashioned with hands."

And the Queen was mightily surprised at the wisdom of the King, and laid the wreaths of flowers upon the steps of the ivory throne that was overlaid with gold, and of which there was not the like made in any Kingdom. And the courtiers, and the princes, and the servants of the King clapped their hands and cried, "O King, live for ever!"

DON'T MARRY.—Don't marry a lazy man. There are some young men who are so lazy that it almost requires an artist to draw their breath. They seemingly have not ambition enough to labor under an impression. They live off the earnings of their pa until they find a girl who is fool enough to marry them, and they will live off her pa. Look where you are going. Don't marry a man who has spent his all in riotous living, and tells you that he is now going to get married and settle up. Don't marry a man who has not the wherewith to support you. You cannot live on love. "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out through the window."

SLEDGE-DOGS.

NEAR the North Pole the natives could not live without their dogs. A good team consists of about twelve dogs. Their harness is composed of bearskin, and when tethered, it is by bear or seal skin traces fastened to spears plunged into the ice.

The foremost sledge is furnished with an additional dog to act as leader, which receives a careful training, for on him the safety of the whole party frequently depends.

If reliable, no difficulty turns him aside, but he selects the track which presents the least danger.

On dark nights, or when the wild waste is obscured by a tempest, an impenetrable mist, or a blinding snowstorm, and the sheltering *pocarna* is scarcely discoverable by man, a good leader will be sure to find it, if he has ever crossed the plain before, or once rested at the habitation; while, if the hut be buried in snow, he will indicate the spot where his master must dig.

When successfully trained, he rarely runs astray on scenting game; and often excites the admiration of travelers by his persistent efforts to keep the rest at their work, barking and wheeling round at intervals, as if he had come upon a new scent, in order to induce them to follow him.

If the leader swerves from duty, the driver not unfrequently finds himself powerless on such occasions to prevent them from rushing madly off in pursuit of prey.

At all times, the task of driving these half-tamed wolfish dogs is one of considerable difficulty, requiring both skill and determination.

The sleighman seats himself on one side of the sledge, with his feet on the runner, and must be ready to spring off at any moment when his safety may be imperilled, or to dig his heels into the snow, if the fierce and unruly animals refuse to stop when they are required.

A long staff, furnished with iron at one end and bells at the other, serves the double purpose of assisting him to maintain his precarious seat on the rocking sledge, and aids his voice in giving animation to the team by the tintinnabulation of the bells. A far more formidable instrument is the driver's whip.

The lash measures twenty feet in length, or four feet more than the traces, and is made of raw-hide or walrus hide, tipped with a 'cracker' of hard sinew.

Attached to a light stock only two and a half feet long, no little practice is necessary to roll such a lash out to its full length, and when blown in all directions by an arctic gale, will tax the powers of the most experienced hand.

But sledge-dogs need no urging with the whip when their instinct informs them that they are on unsafe ice.

They flee onwards at the speed which alone can save, and, as was experienced repeatedly by Dr. Hayes, instead of keeping the sledges together in a compact body, they diverge and separate, so as to distribute the weight over as large an area as possible. When they begin to find themselves menaced by this danger, and the prospect ahead appears to them unusually threatening, 'they tremble, lie down, and refuse to go further.'

Most arctic explorers tell of hairbreadth escapes from treacherous ice, when they have owed their preservation to the sagacity of their dogs. Wrangell relates an incident of this nature—

"Our first care was to examine the possibility of further advance; this, however, could only be done by trusting to the thin ice of the channel, and opinions were divided as to the possibility of its bearing us. I determined to try; and the adventure succeeded better than could have been hoped for, owing to the incredibly swift running of the dogs, to which doubtless we owed our safety. The leading sledge actually broke through in several places; but the dogs, warned, no doubt, of the danger by their natural instinct, and animated by the incessant cries and encouragement of the driver, flew so rapidly over the yielding ice, that we reached the other side without actually sinking through. The other three sledges followed with similar rapidity each across such part as appeared to be the most promising; and we were now all assembled in safety on the north side of the fissure. It was necessary to halt for a time, to allow the dogs to recover a little from their extraordinary exertions."

Some authorities, including Dr. Hayes, pronounce these dogs to be insensible to kindness; but the assertion has been stoutly disputed.

The fact appears to be that sledge-dogs, like all others, bark as they are bred, or, in other words, are what their masters make them.

When they receive humane treatment, instead of the systematic and revolting brutality which is too commonly their portion, they rarely fail to evince a warm attachment to those with whom they are associated.

'Daddy,' the Esquimo dog which served for three years in the search for Sir John Franklin, 'won all hearts by his winning manner both afloat and ashore.'

A lithograph of this cherished animal is preserved in the British Museum. Similar testimony in proof of the friendly and often affectionate disposition of these dogs, when properly treated, is borne by various explorers.

"BURGLING" seems to be depressed. Burglars forced open four stores in Brooklyn the other night, and $3 was the aggregate result of their labors.

Her Swan Days.

BY PAUL H. DENHAM.

"LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA!" sang Lou, softly, a clear, bell-like intonation in her voice, pleasant to hear.

Then she rose from the low rocking-air in which she had been sitting for the at half-hour, and pressed her small nose gainst the window-pane.

It was dusk, cold, and dismal, with the ind whispering eerily among the half-are branches of the trees, and the rain eating a tattoo which was as steady as it as uncompromising.

The fire in the shining steel grate flared rightly, casting long, wavering shadows n the blue-and-grey appointments of the oom.

The Lattimers were not very rich; but, r all that, everything, from the soft-tinted rpet on the floor to the dainty plaques on e mantelpiece, was in the most refined, xquisite, and luxurious taste.

The *portieres* and curtains were of grey ilk, dotted all over with sprays of pale lue and pink flowers, the result of Miriam's kilful fingers and brush.

Miriam was fond of luxury, and beauti-ul things, and must have them, at what-ver cost.

She leaned her fair, white cheek against he mantel, and stared reflectively into the ire.

She was tall and blonde, and very pretty, ith straight, dark eyebrows, and dark ashes sweeping coquettishly over the soft, arm cheeks.

From her position in the window, Lou egarded her sister critically and approv-ngly.

"What a desirable possession a pretty ister is," she thought, pensively.

There were lawn-parties, for one thing. Lou felt quite sure she would never have known the bliss of attending a lawn-party if it hadn't been for Miriam's pretty face.

Well, she was glad there were some people in the world who were beautiful, even though she herself was "as homely as a fence-rail," as Bob had declared times innumerable.

Here Lou sighed pensively.

Then she shook herself vigorously in imagination for being envious of Miriam's beauty, and stared through the window with redoubled energy.

"Lou, you'll spoil the shape of your nose," said Miriam, warningly.

Lou drew back, and passed her finger tenderly along the bridge of the small Grecian affair she called her nose.

"Do you really think so?"

Then she began to sing, with absurd flourishes of that same forefinger—

"Little Lou, little Lou,
Where, oh, where have you been?
Little Lou wants to play!"

"Lou Lattimer, how can you be so ridiculously childish? And you were eighteen yesterday!" said Miriam, stern disapproval on her fair face. "Mamma ought to leave you in the nursery of evenings, with the rest of the children."

"As if I am not there enough of my time!" flashed Lou.

Then she settled suddenly into the rocking-chair, and began to rock vigorously back and forth.

Miriam arched her brows ever so slightly, but said nothing.

"Is everything at an end between you and cousin Will?" said Lou, abruptly, regarding Miriam with a stern, Mentor-like visage.

"Yes," said Miriam, concisely.

"Miriam, you are mean to treat him so!" Lou went on, with a candor as refreshing as it was unpalatable.

Then, waxing eloquent in cousin Will's behalf—

"He's the best man in the whole world, and you know it, Miriam!"

"Yes, I know it," said Miriam, absently, a deep flush rising to her fair face.

Strange to say, she acquiesced entirely with Lou's rather extravagant statement.

"And now he'll go to town to practice, and we'll never see him again!" Lou complained, resentment and anger against Miriam in her tones. "How could you jilt him, just because he lost his money through ill-luck? You've lost him now, for good and all. He's not the man to come back after once being turned away."

"How unpleasantly vulgar and rude you are in your remarks, Lou!" said Miriam.

She was very pale now, and there was a sharp, pained ring in her voice, which moved even indignant Lou to compassion.

But Lou knew well that she was in the right, and Miriam in the wrong.

"You love Will to distraction," said this astute little maid of eighteen, with severity; "but you'll marry money, even if it breaks your heart. Oh, I'd like to shake a little sense into you! You're worse than a novel," which rather vague remark the reader must try to unravel at his leisure.

Mr. Will Allington—who had quietly entered the long dim hall from the pouring rain without—was slowly divesting himself of a wet overcoat.

The parlor door was slightly ajar.

Thus it happened that he heard some things not intended for his ears.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young physician, with a short brown moustache, and eyes which were as honest and true and wine-brown as Lou's own.

He smiled quietly to himself as he entered the library—which was at the further end of the long hall—and deliberately lighted the gas.

Then he took a rusty volume from one of the upper shelves, but he turned the yellow leaves absently, and his thoughts were "of other things."

"Dear little Lou!" he thought, with a half-tender light in his handsome brown eyes, "what a noble champion she is, and how unworthy I feel! Thank Heaven! I have not been cowardly enough to give up all ambition and hope in life because of Miriam's defection. And as for her"—his eyes darkening—"well, I will say nothing against her, for I know she suffers. You are right, Lou, my little friend—I will not trouble her with my love again."

The next day proved to be such a one as the tired, worn-out year sometimes sends us in November, as if repenting the rain and chill it had hitherto favored us with.

The few birds that had braved the rude buffetings of this capricious month now revelled in the warmth of its smiles.

Some pale, half-frozen, late flowers, out in the garden, lifted up their wee, grateful faces.

The Lattimer children, kept in the house by the rain for so many days, were now making the most of their freedom while it lasted.

Even much-enduring Lou's tactics were of no avail to-day, and they ran over the bare lawn, with whoops and shouts.

"My dears," said Lou, when at last she was able to make her voice heard above the general clamor, "if you'll come and sit on the piazza here, I'll read you a lovely story. Mamma's head aches, remember."

All except Bob expressed unqualified pleasure.

Bob was twelve years old, and always affected a manly air of disapproval of Lou and everything she did.

So the chatter of the sweet, childish voices subsided, and Lou read "The Ugly Duckling," which immediately won the sympathy and attention of her audience, Bob included.

The library windows are open, and Will Allington, industriously at work in his sanctum, heard every syllable that Lou's clear voice uttered.

The group on the piazza made a picture an artist would have loved to paint.

A slender girl, with great, expressive eyes, bent over a book, while her small listeners sit with wide eyes of wonder and delight.

Will would have called the picture "The Enchantress."

"A jolly good story," Bob condescended to say, when the last low echo of Lou's clear voice had died away.

"Louie," said Rosie, aged seven, with a suddenness which was somewhat startling, "when be you goin' to turn into a swan?"

"What do you mean?" said the perplexed Lou.

"I once heard Mirry tell cousin Will that you was a nugly duckling," Rosie went on, with the pleased air of one imparting a delightful secret. "It was ever so long ago though—most a year, I guess."

"And what did cousin Will say?" Lou asked, in a choked voice, her eyes flashing with resentment, her flushed face averted from the children's inquisitive eyes.

"Oh, he just laughed, and said your swan days wasn't far away. Mirry said they'd never come. What is 'swan days,' Louie?"

"I don't know, dear," fibbed Lou, the hot, indignant tears quivering on the long lashes.

Then she fled to her own room, to the children's great consternation, where she soaked her handkerchief in bitter, bitter tears.

"Now, you've gone and done it!" said Bob, giving the talkative Rosie a shake. "You've made Lou cry—so there, Rose Lattimer!"

"I didn't do nuffin!" sobbed the now frightened Rosie.

"You did," persisted Bob, administering another shake. "You said she was ugly and homely. Haven't you got no sense? That's what Mirry meant by ugly duckling, you goose."

Rosie wept with bitter repentance when this information was shaken into her.

"Oh, why did she say such a thing to Louie? who was but'ful—much but'fuller than Mirry."

Seeing Rosie in tears, the other children decided they might as well join in, too.

Such a hubbub!

Wicked Bob listened with delight, till Miriam appeared upon the scene.

"Go 'way from here," shrieked Rosie, attacking Miriam with tooth and nail. "You called my Louie ugly, and so did I, and I hate you."

Quiet was at last restored, though Miriam's dignity was somewhat ruffled.

That she felt any compunctions of conscience, I am not prepared to say.

Lou carried a very sore heart in her breast that day.

To think that Miriam could say such cruel things of her—of her, who had loved her and considered Miriam's happiness always!

What a cold, unkind world it was!

She will never believe in any one again, she thought, since even cousin Will considered her an insignificant, "ugly duckling."

The next day, her troubles almost forgotten, Lou was apparently as blithe and gay as ever.

Rosie had almost devoured her with kisses, and had assured her again and again that Miriam was very much mistaken in her views.

Perhaps this latter fact helped to restore Lou to good humor.

In one of her numerous flittings through the hall, she paused before the mirror, and attentively regarded the graceful figure reflected therein.

"I'm not so very ugly!" she thought, with an approving nod; "and my eyes are almost prettier than Miriam's!"

Then she essayed to smile sweetly; but the effort was such a palpable failure, that she laughed aloud at the ridiculous twist her mouth assumed.

"Oh, fie, cousin Lou!" said Will Allington's teasing voice, unexpectedly at her elbow; "actually laughing aloud—you are so pleased with yourself!"

"You are mistaken," said Lou, with dignity, though her face was flushing hotly. "I read in a novel, the other day, about a woman who was plain till she smiled. I wanted to see if I am one of that kind. But I'm not—only an ugly duckling!" with a little sigh of resignation.

"You are not an ugly duckling!" said Will, with conviction. "Lou—my little Lou—don't you know that your 'swan days' have come long ago, and that you are more beautiful to me than any other woman in the whole word?"

What Lou said and what happened next, I leave to your imagination.

But they lived happy ever after.

Man-Hunting.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

THE following romantic incident occurred a century ago on the banks of Jacob's Creek, near the Monongahela, in South-western Pennsylvania:—

The Indians had retired far to the westward of the river, and the settlers upon its eastern shores cleared their lands and planted their crops with feelings of security. The comparative immunity which this locality enjoyed from savage outrages greatly encouraged the growth of the settlement.

But in those days the red men often halted in their inevitable journey towards the setting sun, and in marauding bands, small squads, threes and twos—sometimes even singly—came back, like a bad penny, to plague those who had fancied themselves rid of them for ever. And the last general alarm in the settlement in question was caused by the mysterious affair of this nature I am about to relate.

The sound of the axe was heard in the clearings, and the corn was growing in the fields; the doors of the log houses were open to welcome the summer breeze; the blue smoke ascended in fantastic wreaths from a hundred rude chimneys; and many a tireless farmer's wife, and ruddy rustic maid, with cheerful face, busied herself about the household duties of her new home, when consternation and alarm fell upon the settlement.

The Indian assassin had come into the midst of the unsuspecting settlers, and killed and scalped one of their number, leaving his body to be found in a lonely ravine through which Jacob's Creek flowed on its way to the Monongahela.

The citizens were soon in arms, and scoured the woodlands on both sides of the river for miles around, but found no trace of the dusky assassin.

It was generally believed that a single savage or two had crept back into the neighborhood for one more sweet morsel of revenge on the pale face before going far away into the Western wilds for ever.

This was about the time that Logan, the Mingo chief, formerly a warm friend of the whites, was so incensed against them, together with his tribe, by the massacre of his family and other peaceable Indians by Captain Greathouse and his party.

A few days after the tragedy at Jacob's Creek a second settler was missing, and when a search was made his mutilated body was also found in the same lonely place, to which vicinity he had gone, like his unfortunate neighbor, to search for straying cattle.

The startled community again armed and scoured the forests as before, but all to no purpose.

The only traces left by the assassin were those of his rifle and scalping-knife.

A week later a third settler was murdered, and another humble home was the scene of mourning.

Terror seized upon the people, and a half-superstitious thrill crept into their midst. Men went to the fields with loaded rifles, and wives shuddered to see them pass out of their sight.

At the time of which I write a roving Irishman, known as Jim Mallory, who had spent ten years on the frontier, made his home with one of the earliest settlers on the banks of Jacob's Creek, a man named Walters, many of whose descendants still live on the very lands to which he established the first civilized claim.

Jim divided his time between working in the clearings and hunting game, and was noted for skill as a marksman.

When the mysterious assassin came into the settlement, and proceeded with such frightful deliberation to decimate the numbers of the frontiersmen, he joined eagerly in the search, yearning for a possibility of getting the merciless foe within range of his rifle.

One day Mr. Walters missed a favorite steer from among his cattle, and, supposing that it had wandered toward the river, asked Jim to go in search of it, adding:

"But look out for that red skin. I don't want you to get killed, and wouldn't ask you to go, only you go out every day or two, anyhow, and try to get scalped."

"Oh, bother the fear I have o' thim Injun!" Jim replied, as he shouldered his rifle. "If he's goin' to shoot any more of us, it might as well be me, for I've no wife to be cryin' after me, nor childer, aither."

"Still, there are people who would be sorry if anything happened to you, Jim."

"That may be true; but, somehow, I'm thinkin' I'll be one to 'tend that ugly crayture's buryin' yet."

With characteristic indifference to danger, Jim started off down the valley, and an hour later was picking his way along the shores of the creek, quite beyond the bounds of the settlement.

On either hand were high, steep hills, which came nearer and nearer together as he advanced down the lonely valley in the direction of the locality that had proved fatal to the three ill-fated settlers.

He looked carefully about him now, and stopped at short intervals to listen intently.

Finally he heard the sound of a bell, such as the settlers often fixed to the necks of cattle and sheep, that they might be more easily found when they had wandered far away through the lonely woods.

"Bedad," he muttered, "that's the brute! Didn't know the bell was on him, though. Thought it was on the brindle."

He moved on down the creek, in the direction of the sound, but it soon ceased.

He stopped to listen, and heard another faint tinkle. He pushed on, and a few minutes later reached a picturesque scene, which he stopped a moment to admire.

It was a cataract of unusual beauty, formed by the waters of the creek pouring over a little precipice that lay in its path.

The fall did not exceed eight or nine feet; but the waters, that rolled over like an endless curtain flashing in the sunlight, had such a regular and symmetrical form, and the surroundings were so wild, as to make the picture one of lonely and impressive grandeur.

Jim soon moved on down the valley, with eyes and ears on the alert, and when he had left the falls a few hundred feet behind he determined to cross the creek and search a thicket on the other side.

The water was ten to twelve inches in depth, but rocks protruded above the surface in places, and he proceeded to cross, dry shod, by stepping from one to another.

He had nearly crossed, and was about to leap from the last stepping-stone to the opposite shore, when it rocked slightly beneath his weight, and he slipped off it, and suddenly found himself standing nearly knee-deep in the water.

At the same time there was a hissing sound about his ears—a sound he knew too well—and a bullet grazed the top of his head, passing through his fur cap. But for his sudden fall from the rock, it must have pierced his brain.

The mysterious assassin was evidently near, and, realising this, Jim sprang out upon the bank with a convulsive effort, and plunged into the underbrush.

Once under cover, he paused and stood trembling.

Jim was as brave a man as had ever confronted the perils of the frontier, but this invisible danger was suddenly invested with a mystery that sent a thrill of horror through him.

The bullet had pierced his cap, but the crack of the rifle had not been heard!

So strange a circumstance would have unnerved anyone for the moment. Jim would have felt at ease if he had heard the sound of the rifle, and would at once have begun an active campaign against the assassin; but, under the circumstances, he did not even know the direction from which the bullet had come, and this naturally impressed him with a sense of helplessness.

What being was this silent and invisible foe? What wonderful weapon had he? Where was he concealed? Was there any sure protection from him, or was the whole settlement at his mercy? Would even the dense thicket prove a barrier to his range of vision?

Thus pondering, Jim stood awhile with his hand mechanically resting upon his firelock. But soon his native courage came flying back, and he smiled as he muttered:

"Jim Mallory, you're a fool, though it's me wouldn't hear very many say it. That murtherin' rascal's flesh an' blood, an' I won't go back to the settlement till I know why that gun o' his'n don't talk out loud."

He crept noiselessly to the base of the hill; then quietly ascended, keeping hid among the bushes and vines, to a height of a hundred feet, where he paused at the foot of a perpendicular ledge. Here he found himself in a cosy retreat, for above and around him a network of vines had interwoven itself with the foliage of a cluster of stunted trees; and, himself secure from the range of mortal eyes, he could look on, through many little crevices in the foliage, upon the opposite hill and the valley.

More at leisure, he examined his cap, and found that the bullet had pierced it in a horizontal line, proving that the assassin was in the valley, and not among the rocks on the hill-side.

Seating himself upon a rock, where he could command the best view of the valley, Jim prepared for a long and patient vigil.

The sun was already at the meridian. The minutes went by, and so did the hours, reaching far into the afternoon; but no sign of the savage was seen.

No sound was heard save the occasional cries of wild beasts, and the steady, monotonous roar of the little cataract, now looking lovelier than ever in the red sunlight of the waning day; and still, patient as the great rock, sat the sturdy adventurer, with his rifle resting across his knees.

"Well," muttered Jim, for the twentieth time, "the lad's eyes don't see through everything, or he'd ha' sent a bullet up here before this; an' he's not left, or I'd ha' seen or heard him; an' faith, I'll sit till I starve him out.

Suddenly the tinkle of the bell was heard. The sound came from towards the falls, and

looking quickly in that direction, Jim was astonished to see, not the stray animal, but the bell itself, dancing about in mid-air in front of the cataract jumping up and down, as if bewitched, nodding fantastically, and apparently ringing itself!

At this weird spectacle, Jim felt the old dread creeping back upon him; but it was only for a moment.

A new light shone upon his face, and he coolly arose, cocked his rifle, levelled it through the foliage in the direction of the falls, stood motionless for about two seconds, and then fired.

The sharp report startled the quiet valley and then came back in an echo from the opposite hill; a bird or two screamed at the unusual sound, and fluttered away over the hill-tops; the bell dropped into the water beneath, and all was as still as the grave.

Jim did move for several seconds; then, thrusting aside a portion of the vines that concealed him, he sprang boldly out upon a bare rock, waved his hat, and uttered a loud and exultant shout.

For there was a commotion at the foot of the cataract, and a dark object, streaked with red, came up with the bubbles and floated upon the water. It was the body of a savage, in warrior's trappings, hideous with war-paint, and ghastly with a fresher crimson. He it was that had been the invisible foe of the settlers.

Sitting concealed in a cavern, before which the cataract hung like a curtain, he had lured the pale-face to destruction by means of the bell, which he had tied to a fishing-rod and thrust out over the pool, ringing it at intervals when he knew that his enemies were in the valley.

Twice he had sent the fatal bullet out through the clear sheet of water, but the sound was so pent-up and deadened that it was only to lure in and near his lurking-place. But watchful Jim had penetrated his device, and his bullet had found the assassin.

The savage had been alone in the perpetration of his bloody work, and through many a moon did the dark visaged people of his tribe vainly await his coming. Never, as they wandered westward, one by one departing for the happy hunting-grounds, did they hear from his lips the story of his vengeance.

SEA BATHING.—ITS ORIGIN.—The sea was held in dread by classical antiquity. Immersion in its waters was an experience to look back upon with a shudder, and the Greek or Roman who came out of it alive repaired to the nearest temple, and there suspended his dripping garments on a votive tablet to the forbearing Poseidon, or Neptune.

This horror of the sea descended to mediæval times, when indeed ablutions of every kind were almost dispensed with, and the human "integument so sparing'y refreshed with fair water as to earn for the ages in question a double title to dark. A compulsory dip in the sea was a sentence sometimes passed on the mediæval offender, often with exemplary effect.

The legend has it that a first-class misdemeanant, who, although ill at the time, was visited with this penalty, emerged from it so much the better physically as to shake belief in its deterrent virtue.

Ronsard, the French poet and scholar, sang the praises of the ocean and its health-giving waters, but this was only a faint and far-off anticipation of its modern worship.

It was in England and toward the middle of the last century that the sea was first recognized as the mighty sanitary agent the world now acknowledges it to be.

At that time Western Europe was heavily scourged by scrofula—king's evil, as it was called—and all classes of society, from peer to peasant, were more or less sufferers.

Dwellers on the seaboard, guided by instinct, apparently drank of the briny water, bathed in it, washed their sores in it or bound them up in seaweed. And they had their reward in physical as well as moral invigoration.

[illegible] was the first to become cognizant of it, did not wait for a chemical or physiological theory of its efficacy, but prescribed it at once to his patients, and was followed by others of his contemporaries.

Soon the English coasts were planted with villas and cottages; and hamlets, from their sea-bathing advantages, expanded [illegible]

At the close of the last century Germany imitated England, then Belgium, then France, until in the year 1813 Dr. Lefrançois, at Dieppe, published a treatise on the internal and external virtues of sea water, and raised his native town into a much-frequented health resort.

So that from having been first used in scrofula, the fourth of the ocean is now employed in countless other evils than the "king's," and invalid Britannia repairs, with yearly recurring alacrity, to the waves she rules.

[illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] Those who [illegible] treating [illegible] Thames [illegible] through the [illegible] Spanish [illegible] son; the other is for the formation of a company to construct an international railway connecting Europe with Persia, India, Burmah and China.

SUPPRESSION of the Menses may be relieved by a dose of Ayer's Pills, which produce the desired effect through sympathetic action.

CREMATION OF CREEDS.

THE destruction of human remains through the action of fire was the most extensively used and was considered the most honorable mode by most of the nations of antiquity.

And thence the idea of the funeral pyre and urn sepulture is as much associated with heathenism as burial in the earth is with Christianity, though there is, in truth, no necessary connection between the two.

Though it is now well ascertained that the body of the poet Shelly was burnt from reasons pertaining to the quarantine regulations, it was at the time considered an additional proof, had any been required, of his determined hostility to Christian observances, and it was with some little difficulty that a clergyman could be persuaded to read the burial service over his remains.

The Greeks commonly buried their death on the sixth or seventh day after death; but [illegible] that time myrrh, gum of cedar tree, salt, wax, and many costly and sweet scented drugs, honey, balm and bit[illegible] used to prevent any disagreeable [illegible]

The funeral pile itself was compo[illegible] of the wood, generally [illegible] Pitch, turpentine and other inflammable substances were spread over the pile, and cypress trees were set around at a certain distance. Then the eyes of the corpse were generally opened, and if a wind arose it was considered a favorable [illegible]

When all was consumed the calcined bones and [illegible] sacked in costly wools, were gathered together and placed in the funeral urn, which was consigned to the sepulchre. The Romans got the idea of burning their dead from the Greeks.

An Extraordinary Case.

An eminent lawyer of the city of New York, Hon. Jos. R. FLANDERS, formerly law-partner of ex-Vice-President Wheeler, and for several years a member of the N. Y. State Legislature, was called upon by a Reporter at his well-appointed office in "Temple Court," and interviewed in regard to his experience with Compound Oxygen. "I found him," says the Reporter, "disposed to engage in conversation regarding his illness and his complete restoration to health." His statement was substantially as follows:

"For many years I suffered from weak digestion and the dyspepsia consequent upon it. My health since I was twenty-one years of age was not at any time vigorous. Gradually I declined into a state of physical and nervous prostration, in which work became almost an impossibility. In 1879 I was all run down in strength and spirits. Energy and ambition had departed.

"So I kept on until the summer of 1882. Then I went to Thousand Islands where I stayed several weeks with friends. But I found that the atmosphere did not agree with me. I came away feeling that the battle of life was nearly ended. The next time I saw my old law-partner Vice-President Wheeler he told me that the [illegible] said to him that he never expected to see me alive. When I arrived at home in September, it was in such a state of exhaustion that I was unable to leave the house except on mild days, and then only to walk slowly a block or two.

"Meanwhile my son had learned something about Compound Oxygen, and wrote, urging me to try it. But I had lost all faith in remedies. I had tried many things, and had been [illegible] In September, however, I went to New York and persuaded Dr. Turner, who is in charge of Drs. Starkey & Palen's office in New York. I went, but without any faith in this Treatment, only to gratify my son's kind importunity. When Dr. Turner examined my case, he thought I was so far gone that he hardly dared to express the faintest hope.

"On the seventh of October I commenced taking Compound Oxygen. To my great surprise I began to feel better within a week. In a month I improved so greatly that I was able to come to my office and do some legal work. I then came to the office regularly except in bad weather. On the nineteenth of December a law matter came into my hands. It was a complicated case, promising to give much trouble and to require close attention. I had no ambition to take it, for I had no confidence in my ability to attend to it. I consented, however, to advise concerning it, and to do a little work. One complication after another arose. I kept working at it all winter and into the spring. For three months this case required as continuous thought and labor as I had ever bestowed on any case in all my legal experience. Yet under the constant pressure and anxiety I grew stronger, taking Compound Oxygen all the time. In the spring, to my astonishment and that of my friends, I was as fit as ever for hard work.

"My present health is such that I can without hardship or undue exertion attend to the business of my profession, as of old. My digestion is good, my sleep is natural and easy as it ever was, and my appetite is as hearty as I could desire.

"My confidence in the restorative power of Compound Oxygen is complete, as also it is in the ability and integrity of Drs. Starkey & Palen, otherwise I would not allow my name to be used in this connection. I have thus freely made mention of the history of my case as a duty I owe of rendering possible service to some who may be as greatly in need of physical restoration as I was."

[illegible] write [illegible] Compound Oxygen.

"GOING DOWN HILL."

How a Venerable Iowan Evaded the Greatest Difficulty Which Besets the Aged.

[Burlington, Ia., Hawkeye.]

An account is going the rounds of the press of a woman who was so afflicted with rheumatism for fifteen years that her entire muscular system became rigid, and for all that period she was kept alive by gruel forced between her teeth.

A prominent New York physician was once asked what rheumatism was. He replied, "God only knows." He was undoubtedly right, because rheumatism seems to spring from a different cause in every individual case. If its origin is a mystery, its effects are too well and too widely known, for there is scarcely any season of the year when some persons are not more or less affected by it. In general, however, it prevails mostly among the aged, making their last days hard to bear. A prominent physician once remarked in our hearing, "If the aged could escape the tortures of rheumatism, their last years as a rule would be quiet, peaceful and painless."

Apropos of the above, Mr. W. DeBeins, of Polk, Ia., sends us a communication which ordinarily we would not publish except at so much a line. But his experience has been so remarkable that we think we are justified in giving place to it. He says:

"Dear Sir:—I am 78 years of age. My life has been active. I am well known in this town, and what I say I do not think will be doubted by any one who knows me. Up to a year or two ago, I was the possessor of splendid health, and hoped I should wear out my life gradually and gracefully. Two years ago, however, I was overcome with that curse of old age rheumatism. When it first prostrated me the pain was so acute I thought it was neuralgia, which medical authorities tell me indicates a low state of the system.

"I fancied that this attack was the beginning of the end. I sent for a good doctor, who treated me with electrical and other agencies, but I grew worse. He finally said my case was a serious rheumatic one. For six months I could not use my limbs at all, and was handled by three strong persons, like a helpless child. Then came a period of better feelings, but re-action followed, and for six long months of pitiful suffering I was confined to the bed. For over a year I groaned in agony. I tried all reputable lotions, liniments, plasters and preparations in vain. At this stage, my friend Elder Overcamp came to see me, and upon his urgent recommendation I began to use Warner's safe rheumatic cure, a few bottles of which gave back to me the use of my limbs. I am now sleeping without pain, eating without distress, and feel as spry as I did when I was 60 years of age. I cordially recommend that preparation to all persons afflicted as I was, and especially to the thousands of aged men and women whose last days are embittered by this affliction."

Mr. DeBeins's letter is endorsed by Elder Overcamp, who says he is a member of his church, and his case to him is surprising and marvellous. Mr. F. W. Brinkhof also endorses the statement in similar terms.

There is no doubt that this is a true recital of the case, and Mr. DeBeins' experience should be an encouragement to all others suffering as he did, to use the means he so successfully employed, for nothing better, if indeed, as good, can be had in the market.

OLD SAYINGS, NEW STANDPOINT.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Time out of mind, a rolling stone has been censured for gathering no moss. But what of that? Is it not to its credit rather than to its disgrace? If it had lain idle all its life, it no doubt might have accumulated no end of moss. But its busy existence prevented its acquiring any such useless environment. True, the rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gathers something better, to wit, polish. Isn't polish to be preferred to cumbersome and useless moss? Avast there!

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire."

It is conventional to condemn the man who leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire. But gentle reader, were you in the midst of the fervent fat of a frying-pan, would you not rather jump into the fire itself and have your anguish ended speedily and at once that to suffer the slow agony of being fried like a vulgar doughnut? Of course you would. Then never again speak a word against the judgment of this unknown martyr to expediency.

"Facts are stubborn things."

[illegible] on general grounds, but we [illegible] facts bearing on a position [illegible] and as [illegible] have brought us better luck. We trust, therefore, that [illegible] a more generous appreciation. It is nowadays the truth to say that all facts are stubborn things than to affirm that all stubborn things are facts.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

This is a libel on the faint heart. The modest, diffident, bashful man—that is to say, the faint heart—is always first to be won by the fair sex, which is the true way of saying that he is the first to win the fair sex; for be it known that it is the woman and not the man who [illegible] gentle hearts. The man [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

OUT FORAGING.

BY PIPKIN

ON the branch of a gigantic tree in one of the South American forests a young ant was reposing: he had been working hard all day, being a brisk, spirited fellow, and so he was rather tired, and he lazily watched an old relative of his own, who was slowly climbing the trunk towards him, his fine white polished head glancing against the bark.

"Well, Long-legs," cried the young cousin, as his elder approached, "where are you going at this late hour? I should have fancied that you would have been asleep after all the trouble you had in marching to-day."

"My dear Shiny-pate," said the old warrior, as he settled in a little crevice and stretched out his tired limbs, while he rolled up a tiny, tiny blade of grass for a would-be cigar, "I am the bearer of good news."

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Shiny-pate anxiously, jumping up so suddenly that he hit his poor little head sharply against a projecting knob.

"Silly goose! nothing is the matter," answered his friend, "only you are a little grander than you thought you were: you are promoted to be an officer—a lieutenant, in fact so now you can assist to [illegible]

"Oh," [illegible] "Am I to be an officer to [illegible] to lead the [illegible] "Hush," [illegible] "Come [illegible] "Now I hope [illegible] my child," [illegible] Shiny-pate [illegible] "You will very soon have an opportunity of showing your valor, for I don't believe [illegible] and your courage will be tried."

So saying, he began creeping down the tree, disregarding the entreaties of his young companion to stay a little longer and tell him where they were going. "No, no," he muttered, "[illegible] to-morrow; go to sleep and be strong."

Very good advice, certainly, but when [illegible] the sun is set; it is a fine summer evening, the birds are still singing, and the bats have not begun to come out, and they feel desperately inclined to play a little longer, I am afraid they don't relish it much.

However, Shiny-pate was a good [illegible] little creature, and he went off very [illegible] but he awoke early in the morning, ready for the fray.

"Breakfast first," said he to himself; but no: the older officers said they had to fight first, and eat afterwards; so they soon began to arrange their marching order.

A column of ants, at least a hundred yards in length, but not very wide, was soon formed; each leader had charge of twenty workers.

The officers were not expected to march in the main line, but to walk outside their company, and keep it in order; and great was our hero's delight when he surveyed his own particular men, and thought what an example of bravery he would set them.

At last all were ready, and the army moved off in beautiful order.

The officers ran up and down the ranks, [illegible] everything, their white helmets [illegible] in the sun, and as Shiny-pate's [illegible] was well to the front, he had great [illegible]

After they had proceeded for some time with great gravity and care, they came to a tree from which hung a couple of nests belonging to the [illegible] wasps of the country, and [illegible] discussion it was decided that [illegible] and the [illegible] not [illegible] and Shiny-pate, who knew nothing of the [illegible] was naturally [illegible]

Also astonished, how [illegible] he was, when he felt the first wasp-sting he had ever experienced.

He almost fell from the nest with amazement, but he would not give in—"No, never, die first!" he thought, so he rushed on, and was among the foremost to enter the nests where the young grubs were carefully watched, and, clearing them in front of [illegible] the ants proceeded to devour them.

However, though the nests were large, and the grubs [illegible] numerous, they were not half enough for the army.

More and more ants came trooping up the tree, trying to squeeze into the places where there were no room for them, and unfortunately calling out that they were very hungry.

So as soon as the pasteboard [illegible] was empty, the little creatures descended from their elevation, and again pursued their line of march, this time without any incident occurring until they saw in the distance the figure of a man.

Now most of the ants had never seen a human being before, but what did that matter?

Their air rose, their eyes sparkled, their long slender limbs raced over the ground, and soon the person who had been silly enough to stand and watch the advancing host was covered with the nimble insects, who quickly ran up into his coat-pockets, down his neck, and, in fact, wherever their [illegible] was any aperture, inserting their sharp fangs, and injecting their poison, until he yelled with fear and pain.

He had not been very long in the country, and did not understand the habits of the creatures, so at first he remained in his absurd position, capering about, and trying to brush off the ants.

But as he found that their numbers so increased every moment, he began to get really alarmed, lest he should soon be "eaten up alive," and so he ran away very ignominiously, being pursued for some distance by the host of insects; but as soon as he had outrun them, the difficult task of trying to detach those already fastened to his person began.

The fierce little insects preferred being pulled to pieces to letting go their hold, and their hooked mandibles remained securely fixed in poor John Lester's skin long after their bodies had been torn off.

Fortunately for himself, Shiny-pate was not included in the number who lost their lives.

When the onslaught began, Long-legs [illegible] to keep his [illegible] quiet, as their services were not required; so the steady little ant obeyed orders, and though he stood on tip-toe with impatience, and trembled with excitement, he kept out of the fray.

"Now it is all over—march!" cried Long-legs authoritatively, as John's flying coat-tails disappeared round a tree.

"Shall we not wait for the others?" inquired a young officer very politely, saluting his commander with the back of his tiny foot in true military style.

"None of them will ever return," replied the colonel sternly. "Do your duty, and obey orders."

So the army again started off, and after a long and dusty march the pioneers came in sight of a pretty little cottage; but I must relate who the inhabitants were before I go any farther.

The house belonged to an Irish gentleman of the name of Wolfe, who, after emigrating to South America, and building a house for his family, a few months before this story opens, brought out his wife, four children, and their old and faithful servant, called John Lester, to keep him company, and help him in the new life he had chosen for himself.

Mrs. Wolfe was rather an inexperienced young lady, and the manners and customs of the place and people, particularly those of the colored servant, Chunga, astonished her immensely.

The white lady had a great horror of creeping things of all kinds: she could hardly bear to get into her bath, for she sometimes found a centipede, as long as her hand, drowned in it.

At night, when the lamp was lighted, cockchafers and insects of all kinds buzzed [illegible] flew round it, until their wings were singed; then they danced hornpipes on the table over Mrs. Wolfe's work or writing, falling most likely into the ink-bottle first, and then spinning about with their long legs, smearing everything with which they came in contact, till she used to run away and implore her husband to "kill them all and have done. The children thought it was rather fun, except when a scorpion stung them.

They had a play about the lizards, which were pretty harmless, and they used to count how many different kinds of beetles were killed each night.

Sometimes the baby screamed when a particular large spider walked across its face; but those little trials had to be borne.

On the morning of this memorable day, as Mrs. Wolfe was employed in some household duties, Chunga rushed into the verandah, joyfully crying—

"Oh, missie! oh, missie! de birds are come!"

"What birds?" inquired her mistress in amusement, wondering what new object was going to be exhibited to her, but almost expecting to see a creature with three legs, or two heads.

"De birds, missie, de ant-eaters, you call them," said the black woman, gleefully. "Now missie's house will be clean; massa is away, all de tings will be turned out,' and as she spoke, she seized her mistress's dress, and, gently drawing her to the open door, directed her attention to several dark-colored, short-tailed birds which were hopping from tree to tree in the neighborhood.

"I don't see anything extraordinary about them," said Mrs. Wolfe, in a disappointed tone; "they are only small ugly birds."

"But look dere, missie," persisted Chunga, pointing towards the forest, from the dark shades of which Shiny-pate and his battalions were emerging.

"Why, it is an army of ants!" cried the Irish lady. "How curious! how pretty!"

"Dey is coming here," remarked Chunga carelessly, as she watched the procession.

"Here!" echoed Mrs. Wolfe in horror "what for? What shall we do? They will eat all the things in my store-room, they will bite my children!" and she flew to the nursery as she spoke.

But the advancing host moved steadily along, the officers gave orders to enter the house, and our young hero, though quite a novice in the work, was one of the first to creep through a slit in the walls.

"Now," cried Long-legs, "first kill the cockroaches and other small game. Come on! don't be afraid."

So the warriors dashed into the principal room, mounted the rafters, and began a fierce battle.

The sleepy cockroaches, fat and heavy from good living, sprawled about, but made a very poor fight.

Shiny-pate and two or three of his men would seize one of the kicking old fellows, and either push him or pull him to the edge of the rafters, whence he would fall with a dull thud on the floor, when he was generally too much stunned to make any more resistance, but even if he did he was soon overpowered, bitten, and dragged out of the house.

When the rafters were cleared, our hero was running swiftly across the floor, when a choky voice called him, and he saw his old friend's head protruding from an aperture in a large wooden chest.

"Come here! come here!" cried Long-legs. "There are loads of them inside, and I [illegible]"

"[illegible]" inquired Shiny-pate, rather [illegible]

"[illegible]" replied the colonel: "but unfortunately it is very hard to get at them; they are hidden among the folds of some white stuff that almost suffocates me."

Shiny-pate at once proceeded to crawl into the chest, but fortunately Chunga, who knew the habits of the little insects, had been going round the house opening every press and box, and now she flung aside the cover of the great linen-chest, and in darted the little marauders, and speedily drew forth hundreds of the hideous cockroaches.

But soon all the small game was cleared off, and yet the attacking party cried for more, and cast hungry eyes at Mrs. Wolfe and the children, who had been skipping about on the floor, trying not to stand on anything, for foraging ants are not to be trifled with; and Chunga said, solemnly:—

"If missie kills any ants, they will kill her."

So the fear of touching any of them had greatly impeded the lady's movements; she had to step gently on the points of her toes whenever she saw a clear space.

She had to rescue her baby from the cradle, and her other children from different parts of the house; and then each child, as it was carried away, began to cry for some particular toy that had been left behind, so that getting them safe and sound into the garden was a work of time.

However, at last they were all seated round their mother, only [illegible] and longing for their cookies, while the [illegible] remained in possession of the ants.

At last, even Chunga thought it wise to beat a retreat, so she came gliding gently out, bringing the welcome news that she had seen several ants carrying off an immense scorpion, which "must have been de one dat stung massa, and made him so ill a few days before:" and that the ants were now attacking the rats and mice.

"Rats and mice!" screamed all the children in delight. "Will they kill the horrible things?"

"The rats that fought poor Kitty," pursued George, for this had been a sore trouble to the children.

Mrs. Wolfe had brought a fine handsome tortoise-shell cat from Ireland with her, thinking how delightful it would be to have her house quite free from vermin; only, unfortunately, they were so very numerous that poor "Lady Catherine," as the children named their pussy, though she did her best at first, could not by any possibility keep their numbers in check, and she now led a miserable life, being afraid of moving from her master's protection, and growing daily thinner and weaker from the combined influences of fear, and being unable to perform her usual duties; and as the children loved her dearly, and treated her like one of themselves, they all set up a howl of dismay when their darling's name was mentioned to them.

It was answered by a fearful burst of caterwauling from the interior of the house. The shrieks and yells were really terrific, and the whole party, regardless of their enemies inside, rushed back again to the door, and peeping in, beheld a sight which was most ludicrous.

There was a shelf near one of the children's beds at a great height from the floor, and to this Lady Catherine (the cat) had mounted, but now she was surrounded, and her retreat cut off.

There were ants to right of her, ants to left of her, and ants in front of her; and as the little creatures, led on by Shiny-pate the valorous, attacked her with determined precision, the cat, with every hair bristling up on her body, stood, with glaring eyes, lifting first one foot and then another to escape her tormentors.

Sometimes she stood on her hind legs and frantically tore the insects from her coat, but she wanted courage enough to make the very high jump from the shelf to the floor.

Mrs. Wolfe and the children were so distressed at the sight, that kind-hearted Chunga offered to try and save their favorite, and she crept cautiously into the house, trying to avoid standing on the ants with her bare feet.

Lady Catherine's screams redoubled when she saw a friend approaching, but she did not treat the [illegible] very kindly, for as soon as she stood [illegible] near the cat made one fierce leap to her shoulders, and [illegible] her [illegible] hold on tenaciously.

He was quick enough to see what had happened to us, snatching up an old broom with one hand he seized Lady Catherine with the other, and gave her such a sweeping as she had never experienced before, and which, indeed, she strongly objected to; but her cries were disregarded, and she was soon free from the insects, and the children joyfully clutched hold of her.

But meantime Shiny-pate had been carried off in [illegible] Chunga's hair, whence he [illegible] far, and very uncomfortable.

[illegible] his single arm could never [illegible] Indian woman; he was detected by his troops, and he had no one to direct them.

He thought he had better try to alight from his precarious position, and endeavor to rejoin his men; but when he moved, Chunga, whose nerves were a little upset [illegible] ted, "Oh! Massa John, brush me too, brush me;" and began tearing her hair down to make ready for the performance.

But just at that moment another insect dropped from the tree above her down on her arm, and administered such an electric shock that a thrill ran up to her shoulder, her hands fell, and Shiny-pate, seizing his opportunity, ran swiftly down her back and rushed towards the house, where the scene of confusion was but little abated.

The ants had by this time slain every living thing which had occupied the dwelling, and dragged them into the long grass outside; and the soldiers, after their hard fighting, were endeavoring to satisfy their hunger.

This, however, the officers objected to, for they knew by experience what would happen; the pitas had not accompanied them on their march for nothing.

The ugly black birds had their eyes wide open, and they knew what they were about; they had been waiting and watching all this time, hopping about on the neighboring trees, and now at last their turn came.

The ants gorged with their prey could not escape; down pounced the pitas, and they certainly made the most of their opportunity.

The hardened veterans, the most agile warriors, were gobbled up in a moment, and the officers in despair ran here and there, seeing the carnage, but being quite unable to prevent it.

At last, by the time Mrs. Wolfe and her family ventured back to their clean and well-swept house, Shiny-pate by frantic exertions had managed to collect his own troop—he had only lost two of his twenty soldiers.

So our little insects again set out. They were dreadfully tired, and they lagged behind, though their leader longed to overtake some of the advance-guard, which had already gone on.

Poor little fellow! his first day's fighting had certainly been an arduous one, and it was not over yet; his exertions to keep his men in order were wonderful.

But after marching some distance the ants saw before them a little stream of water, running merrily along, but presenting a serious barrier to their progress.

Shiny-pate at first thought the water might not extend far, and led his company along the bank; but as he found to his dismay that the stream grew wider instead of narrower, his fertile little brain began to devise a plan, and soon he had hit upon a very ingenious one.

He selected a shrub with a long branch, which extended across part of the stream, and having marched his men to the very extremity of this bough he caught hold of it with his fore-legs and hung down, ordering one of the soldiers to creep down his body and hang on the end of it, another followed and clung to the second ant, and so on.

By this means the living chain of insects, when long enough, was wafted by the wind to the other bank of the stream, where the foremost ant caught a firm hold, and the brave Shiny-pate then swung off his bough, and followed by all the others crept carefully across their companions' bodies, until the [illegible] ant, who had now [illegible] and legs being relieved from the weight of his comrades, was able to [illegible] and [illegible] safer footing.

The danger was [illegible], and the officer now inspected his little troop with triumph, indeed he spoke a few encouraging words which actually caused his soldiers to salute in a body, as they could not cheer, and cry with one voice that they were not afraid to go anywhere with him.

This was, of course, very gratifying to such a young officer, and our hero was beginning to thank his enthusiastic followers when a slight noise attracted his attention, and he suddenly remembered that the time for vigilance was not over; for in the tree above them he beheld a little ant-eater slowly uncoiling itself before beginning its nightly excursion.

Shiny-pate saw its long slimy tongue being uncoiled like a piece of ribbon when the animal yawned; and well he knew that any ant who was unfortunate enough to touch that sticky object would never return to tell the tale; he therefore instantly determined on flight.

So our hero ordered a stampede, but he kept last of all the party, ready to sacrifice himself for the general good if need be; and after a little time his exertions were rewarded, for he happily overtook the main body of ants under the guidance of old Long-legs, and the worthy veteran was so pleased at seeing his young companion safe that he actually fell on his neck and hugged him, and there is no saying what might have happened next if two twinkling lights had not appeared in the distance.

They were only fire-flies that an Indian had tied to his feet in order to illumine his path, but the sight made the friends restrain their transports until they reached home.

Then, after all their labors and adventures, they gave themselves up to enjoyment.

Long-legs, Shiny-pate, and other distinguished officers who had done their [illegible] were [illegible] and carried round the nest, while the fire-flies lit up the triumphal march, and the beetles sang in chorus.

We leave Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe enjoying for the first time a house cleared of [illegible] reptiles and insects, and Lady Catherine purring her delight at being relieved from her enemies.

THE HAPPY WOMAN.

BY L. E. S.

God did not give me a palace,
  Nor rich red wine and silk;
But he gave me a cottage of peace,
  And the white wheat loaf and milk.
God did not give me a golden crown,
  Nor the pomp of courtly life;
But he gave me the golden ring of love—
  The ring of a happy wife.

He sent me to work in the household,
  To glean in the harvest-field,
To gather the butter and honey,
  And the wealth of the orchard yield;
To be out in the wind and sunshine,
  Tossing the scented hay;
To be up and feeding the workers
  At the breaking of the day.

He gives me the hire of my labor,
  The wages that I love the best,
The love of a loyal husband,
  The babes at my knee and breast.
I share the hope of the sower,
  I know when the roses blow;
Mine is the joy of the harvest,
  And the winter's fire and snow.

God giveth to some a palace,
  And rich red wines and silk;
But God gave me a cottage of peace,
  And the white wheat loaf and milk.
God giveth to some a golden crown,
  And the pomp of courtly life;
But God gave me love's golden ring,
  And the joy of mother and wife.

And, oh! I am full of content,
  Filling my own little place;
Doing its every-day duties
  With a smiling, cheerful grace.
You could not find a happier soul,
  If over the world you'd range;
There is not a queen I envy,
  A woman with whom I'd change.

THE IRON MASK.

ST. MARGUERITE and its companion island of Honorat form a romantic point in the seaward view from Cannes, France.

Tradition tells us that they were first colonized by a noble young knight from the land of the Gauls, who in the early stages of Christianity embraced its tenets, and, with a chosen band of friends sought a retreat from the sinful world, in this distant islet.

He had one sister, the fair Marguarite, who loved him as her very life, and who was so inconsolable for his loss, that she followed him to his retreat in the southern sea.

As Honorat and his brother-ascetics had vowed themselves to solitude, he could not allow his sister to take up her abode with him; but in compliance with her urgent desires, found a home for her in the neighboring island, now known by her name of Marguerite.

Yet this was only granted on the condition that he should never see her but when the almond tree should blossom. The time of waiting was very dreary to the lonely Marguerite, and with sighings and tears she assailed all the saints, till the almond tree miraculously blossomed once a month, and her poor heart was made glad by the sight of her beloved brother!

But one of these "holy isles" is interesting particularly as having been the abode of that enigma of French history, "The Man in the Iron Mask." A traveler thus tells the story of a visit there:

We landed at the little port of St. Marguerite. Here we found the guide waiting, an old cantiniere, very ugly, but proportionately loud and eloquent—a very different being from the pretty vivandiere of comic operas.

She carried us along a narrow passage to the dungeon where the unhappy "Mask" spent fourteen long years of hopeless confinement. It is closed by double bars of iron; the walls are of great thickness; and four rows of heavy grating protect the little window.

From this cell the prisoner was sometimes permitted egress to walk along the narrow corridor, at the end of which is a niche in the wall, which in his time held a sacred image.

The "Mask" was never seen without his iron veil, even by the governor of the prison; it was so curiously fitted as to permit of his eating with ease.

He was treated with all the deference due to a royal personage; all the dishes and appurtenances of his table were of silver; the governor waited on him personally; but one day the prisoner succeeded in eluding his vigilance so far as to write an appeal for help on a silver plate and throw it over the precipice on which this part of the fortress stands.

As the well known story tells, a fisherman found it, and brought it at once to the governor, who turned pale and trembled on reading the inscription.

"Can you read, my friend?" he said.

"No," answered the fisherman.

"Thank God for that!" he murmured, "for you should have paid for your knowledge with your life!"

He dismissed him with a gift of a gold piece, and the caution to preserve a prudent silence as to what had passed.

When the governor communicated the attempt to headquarters in Paris, orders came for the prisoner to be removed to the Bastile.

After some years of close confinement, he died there, and was buried in his mask; and the governor of the Bastile, who knew the secret of his august prisoner's name, died without divulging it. And thus ended the tale in the old school-books:

"The identity of the 'Iron Mask' must remain forever a mystery."

But it was no mystery to our old vivandiere, or indeed to any of the French people who were listening to the story of his woes; for, in surprise at our ignorance, they all exclaimed:

"Don't you know that he was the elder brother of Louis XIV.?"

He was considered too weak in mind to govern France, and was therefore always kept in seclusion, till an attempt which was made to bring him forward was the cause of his being condemned to the life-long prison and the iron mask.

A very queer old seat like an old Roman curule chair is shown in the chapel as that used by the "Iron Mask."

To this fortress, also, Marshal Bazaine was sent as a prisoner, after what the French call his "betrayal of Metz." The places where he and his family—who were permitted to follow him to the island—used to sit in the tiny chapel were pointed out to us; also the terrace-walk where he was allowed to promenade, unguarded, in the evenings; and the rock down which he escaped, by means of a rope-ladder, to the little boat which his wife had arranged to be in waiting below.

Of course, it is said that MacMahon connived at his escape, not wishing his old comrade to be tried by a court-martial, which he knew would inevitably condemn him. He sent him to a sham imprisonment in this pleasant island, till the first wild wrath of France against him had cooled down. A Frenchman told us that he now lives at ease in Spain, having saved his fortune from the wreck, but dishonored in the eyes of France.

Grains of Gold.

Love is sunshine; hate is shadow.

Be not simply good—be good for something.

He that giveth, let him do it with cheerfulness.

Ignorance is the soil which is most prolific of prejudices.

None are so old as those who have outlived their enthusiasms.

Keep from the ways that bring thee pain, keep thy tongue from words of ill.

Avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize.

Go half-way to meet a man, and he will go twice that distance with you without a word.

It is the gold—character; it is genuine all the way through, and not washed over the surface merely.

A helping word is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and prosperity.

He who seeks exclusively his own interests will never find them, for they lie not in the path he is pursuing.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine.

A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.

Delay and procrastination, indolence, and indecision, are effectual robbers of time and defrauders of men's purposes.

Work and relation are both means to the same great end—the perfection of individual happiness and national welfare.

Many people use expensive articles of food and dress when cheaper ones would be in every way better, and more serviceable.

We seldom find persons whom we acknowledge to be possessed of good sense except those who agree with us in opinion.

Feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little in order to feel the relief from it.

Femininities.

India has 21,000,000 widows.

London has a firm of female architects who do a flourishing business.

Green is very fashionable in Paris this season. "Dog-will" is the new color.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, it is said knits real yarn stockings for her millionaire husband.

Brussels lace stockings, lacing up the back by a cord, are among the very freshest of novelties. They cost but $50.

Fencing is quite a fashionable accomplishment among Frenchwomen, many of whom are quite expert with the foils.

When the young ladies hand you a card now-a-days with the cabalistic letters, Y. M. C. A., it means "you may call again."

"No, sir," said the practical man, "no bric-a-brac on the mantel for me. It's a nuisance. Where's a man to put his feet?"

In spite of efforts with leading modistes of the world, the fashion in scalskins has somewhat declined during the last year or two.

At a late fashionable wedding in England the bride's bouquet, composed of white lilies, was large enough to fill a big wheelbarrow.

The mania for eloping with coachmen is rapidly subsiding, and the old folks are again keeping a watchful eye on the eldest son and the family cook.

Strauss, the composer, receives many letters telling him of matrimonial engagements made under the witchery of his waltzes. He has much to answer for.

The Japanese girl, when she goes into company, paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, with two slate-colored spots on her forehead.

The latest sensation in West Virginia is the elopement of a 35-year-old woman with her adopted son, aged 20, to whom she had acted as a mother for ten years.

Economy is defined by a Norristown paper as "paying ten cents for a cigar and compelling your wife to turn her last season's dress to make it do another winter."

In Scotland the bridesmaid is popularly known as the "best maid," and one of her principal duties was to convey the bride's presents on the wedding to her future home.

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but when it comes to strength of don't mind, my son William surpasses anybody I ever knew."

"A judicious wife," says Ruskin, "is always slipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions; she keeps him in shape by continual pruning."

A man will walk five miles in a political procession carrying a torch, and feel good over it, but it makes him tired for a week to walk five blocks and carry a letter to the postoffice for his wife.

High etiquette says that ladies who are still single, and have reached twenty-five have their own cards, but previous to this independent state their names are written on the calling cards of their mother.

In a cemetery in France one reads: Here lies Gabrielle, my adored wife. She was an angel. Never shall I be consoled for her loss. On the same stone. Here lies Henrietta, my second wife. She was also an angel.

Two of the fattest women living in West Rumney, N. H., made a wheelbarrow bet on the result of the election, and the conditions have since been fulfilled, the wheeling being done with torchlight accompaniment.

"Oh, Henry," said a fond friend, "don't be so hard on your mother-in-law. Remember if it hadn't been for her you would not have had Mary." "You're right," said Henry, "and that is exactly why I hate her so. I only wish she had never been born."

The autograph mania will receive a check, perhaps, especially as regards Alfred Tennyson, when it is known that for years past he has only signed his name to letters to his nearest friends. Lady Tennyson has supplied the autograph-collectors with a fair imitation.

There is a little war raging between buttons and hooks and eyes on the two continents. Worth persists in buttons—very small ones—still, buttons; but there is an economy in material and time in hooks and eyes, say the majority, so the probability is the "eyes have it."

A cynical old bachelor, who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, madame, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue!"

An enterprising Jew, in London, who is in the boot line on weekdays, is said to take to marriage brokering on Saturdays and Sundays. He introduces eligible partners to each other, and his commission depends on the rather peculiar system of "how they liked one another."

The Duchess of Burgundy, who lit up in the old age of Louis Quatorze the court of Versailles and neutralized the morose influence of Mme. de Maintenon, had a goitrous neck and decayed front teeth; yet she was proclaimed a beauty even by the bilious and censorious St. Simon.

Chinese ladies wear robes of silk of any or every color—their frightful little feet protrude from the legs of a straight pair of satin pantaloons—much like the European garment in form. The custom of martyrizing the feet always affects the legs, which invariably become thin, atrophied, or deformed.

Grace Greenwood, writing from Milan, says that American singers, debutantes at Italian opera houses, are subjected to the most outrageous and cruel treatment by the brutal audiences. They are hissed at constantly, have dead rodents, stale vegetables and bad eggs thrown at them, and the uproar and confusion is something indescribable.

News Notes.

English mail carriers use the tricycle.

One building in Berlin has 180 families in it, numbering 1025 souls.

A Georgetown, Ky., duck has three legs and feet, all fully developed.

Within ten years the Union will probably number 48 instead of 38 States.

The perpetual motion problem has cost $30,000,000, and isn't solved yet.

A $5,000 brick house at Empire, a suburb of Carson City, recently sold for $105.

Steamers at the wharves will act as hotels during the Exposition at New Orleans.

A large public library, devoted exclusively to newspapers, is to be established at Vienna, Austria.

The latest trick of thieves is to rob newly-laid corner-stones, under which money or other valuables are put.

Two thousand Englishmen, it is stated, will come over in the Great Eastern to the New Orleans Exposition.

American oysters are being shipped to Germany alive, for the purpose of being acclimated in the waters of the Baltic.

"Yankee Doodle" is not of American origin. The words date back to Queen Anne's time, while the tune is even older.

The city of London contains more Jews than does Jerusalem, more Irish than Dublin, and more Roman Catholics than Rome.

Not a steam fire engine, it is stated, has yet been in operation in Italy, where the old hand-pump variety is still used exclusively.

New York sells annually about 100,000,000 pounds of butter, of which the Commissioner of Agriculture claims over one-half is bogus.

Another case of dementia being caused by cigarette-smoking is reported—that of a young man who was a clerk in the last Nevada State Senate.

Ready-made houses imported from America are selling as a novelty at Buenos Ayres, and it is thought that a large trade in them will be developed.

A Lynn, Mass., man, who has been president of a gas company for thirty-two years, persists in lighting his own premises with candles and lamps.

The car works at Pullman, Ill., recently built one hundred cars in one day. If one figures a little he will see that means a car complete every six minutes.

Members of both the House of Lords and House of Commons sit with their hats on, removing them only when they rise to speak or to go out of the chamber.

A counterfeit dime is made of glass mixed with base metal. It looks exactly like a genuine piece, but when struck with a hammer it breaks into pieces.

Covington, Ky., has a dog detective, whose business it is to hunt up missing pets. He knows every dog in town, and is on friendly terms with them all.

There is an old woman in Boston, the widow of a French marshal, who now grinds a hand-organ, the top of which is decorated with her husband's medals.

"Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!" was the hymn unwittingly given out at a recent Sunday school meeting in Chicago, upon the conclusion of an especially long-winded address.

A new form of dynamite is made from poplar wood flour, and resembles a varnished doughnut. It is said to be as explosive as the ordinary kind, but far safer.

A Kansas official, who absconded ten years ago, after forging nearly $20,000 worth of school bonds, was arrested at Albany, Ore., lately, while traveling as a book agent.

A Berlin lodging-house tenant who has lived not only in the same house, but in the same apartment for half a century, lately made the matter one for a jubilee celebration.

There is a new way of keeping the boys straight in politics. An Illinois father has mutilated the family Bible to make his son appear less than 21, to keep him from voting for the other party.

A new dance adopted by the American Society of Professors of Dancing, at their meeting in New York, is called the Octagonal. It is a Lancers, danced by eight couples, double sides and heads.

There is a family near Dahlonega, Ga., who have eyes scarcely larger than a pea, and so small is the opening between the lids that a person a few feet off can't tell whether they are open or shut.

The craze among Boston children now is the desire to play the violin. It is as usual to see little girls walking along the streets with a violin box in one hand as to see them carrying their school-books.

One of the most remarkable telegraphic feats on record was the recent delivery of a message from Melbourne, Australia, to London in twenty-three minutes. It went by land and sea over 11,238 miles of wire.

As a practical joke on a young police officer of Statesville, near Raleigh, N. C., two of his friends jumped suddenly from behind a tree the other night, and demanded his surrender. He quickly fired upon them, seriously, if not fatally, wounding them both.

A deaf family in New Hampshire has been traced to the fourteenth century in England, and in all that time has regularly shown a succession of deaf mutes. In Maine there is a family in which there are ninety-five deaf mutes, all of them connected by blood or marriage.

A San Francisco dentist agreed to fill a person's teeth for $17.50, but, when the work was completed charged $22.50. The individual refused payment, and the dentist removed the fillings by force. The patient brought suit for damages, and was awarded $17.50 and costs.

A FOUR-FOOTED COOK.

NOT long ago I was re-perusing Harrison Ainsworth's story of 'Windsor Castle,' and, in his description of King Henry the Eighth's kitchen, noticed the following—

"Behind the cook stood the collarman, known by the appellation of Jack and the Bottles, and at his feet were two playful little turnspits, with long backs and short forelegs, as crooked almost as sickles."

This reference to the turnspits brought to my recollection some particulars regarding the useful, but hardworked, little creatures that in olden days were to be found so frequently in the kitchens of large English houses.

If the reader has observed the ugly, little long-backed, crooked-legged creature which among certain classes of the community, has lately driven both the pug and the collie out of favor as dogs of fashion, a very fair notion may be formed of the appearance of the turnspit.

He was exactly like the fashionable pet of to-day.

Upon the wall, and close beside the capacious fireplace that were so common in the kitchens of former times, there used to be an open-cage-like wheel, having a cord or belt communicating with a meat-roasting contrivance, placed in front of the fire. The rotating motion of the meat before the fire was sustained by the movement of the wheel on the wall.

The work of the little turnspit was carried on in the inside of the wheel.

When a joint had to be roasted, he was captured and placed in the apparatus, which he had to keep continually in motion, much in the same way as a convict works on the treadmill.

Not until the food was fully cooked was he released.

The creatures knew their work well, but never liked it. Many stories are extant regarding the unwillingness of turnspits to enter upon their laboriously monotonous task.

Whenever they suspected that their services were required, they adopted all sorts of expedients to avoid impressment. Hiding was their favorite trick, but there was many other ways in which they strove to delude their pursuers.

The dogs were usually kept in couples, and had to take their regular turns at the wheel.

They seemed to be perfectly aware when it was their turn to go to work. If it was, they would hide; if it wasn't, they would play unconcernedly about the kitchen whilst the other hid.

Any attempt to make them work out of turn was violently resented. There is a story told of a turnspit that was compelled to go into the wheel when his companion could not be found having, after his release, searched out the delinquent and fought and killed him.

BUCKLAND.

THE SHOE.—The history of the shoe is obscure. Bardoin, a shoemaker by profession, has a learned treatise on the ancient shoe where the origin, from the matter, etc., thereof, are practically inquired into. Bardoin maintains that God, in giving Adam skins of beasts to clothe him, did not leave him to go barefooted, but gave him shoes of the same matter; that, after raw skins, men came to make their shoes of rushes, broom, paper, flax, silk, wood, iron, silver and gold; no different has their matter been. Nor was their form more stable, with regard to the shape, color or ornaments; and they have been square, high, low, long, and quite even cut, carved, etc. Pliny says that one Tychius was the first one who used shoes, Xenophon relates that the ten thousand Greeks, who had followed the young Cyrus, wanting shoes in their retreat, were forced to cover their feet with raw skins, which occasioned them great inconvenience. The patricians, among the Romans, wore an ivory crescent upon their shoes. Heliogabalus had his shoes covered over with very white linen, in conformity with the priests of the sun, for whom he professed a great veneration. The Indians, like the Egyptians wore shoes made of the bark of the papyrus. The Turks always put off their shoes and leave them at the doors of the mosques.

THE ALMOND.—Almonds come from Spain and Italy, but they grow spontaneously in many other warm countries. The almond tree greatly resembles the peach in growth, leaves and blossoms; it flowers in the early spring, and produces fruit in August. The fruit is covered with a tough skin, and is enclosed in a rough shell. There are two kinds of almonds, the sweet and the bitter, only differing from each other in the flavor of the nut. Valentia almonds are sweet and large; Italian not either so large or sweet. Jordan almonds come from Malaga; they are long, and not very pointed, and are the best kind imported; the bitter almonds come chiefly from Magadore, on the northern coast of Africa.

"I AM an Agnostic!" remarked a young man, in swelling accents. "And an Agnostic is what?" inquired an elderly gentleman. "An Agnostic," replied the fresh youth, in a manner expressive of his pity for his interlocutor's ignorance—"an Agnostic is a fellow you know, who isn't sure of anything." "I see," replied the old gentleman. "But how does it happen that you are sure you are an Agnostic?"

POPULAR discrimination in favor of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has given it a larger sale than any other remedy of its class. Price 25 cents.

EDITOR AND POET.

On kindly treating man and brute
An article he pens, and quotes
Perhaps it may the public suit,
And sends it to the man of rhymes.

He more than once the printer wrote
Because he saw it not in print;
No answer came, and so he thought:
"I'll send him yet another hint."

And writes: "You treat with cold contempt
A man who never dared or dreamt
To ill-treat aught beneath the sky."
The Editor made this reply:

"If you have never treated dad
A single thing—it's surely sad—
About the subject of your verse—
I've never seen it treated worse."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

At a stand still—The meat market.

Weight for the wagon—A ton of coal.

One thing a lazy man is sure of—Leisure.

What ties two people together, yet touches only one? A wedding-ring.

Why is an axe like coffee? It must be ground before it can be used.

What is that which nobody wants, and nobody likes to lose? A law-suit.

Why is the wick of a candle like the city of Athens. It is in the midst of grease.

Why is life like an umbrella? Because it comes to a close when the storm is over.

Why is a dog biting his tail like an economist? Because he makes both ends meet.

Why is a person with his eyes closed like a defective schoolmaster? He keeps his pupils in darkness.

Why is a valet assisting his master at his toilet like one person speaking to another? He is a dressing him.

What is the difference between a milkmaid and a swallow? One skims the milk, and the other skims the water.

A subscriber advertises for "a plain girl to cook." He probably was afraid he would be hanged if he cooked a pretty one.

Why is water in a filter like the fortune of a spendthrift? Because it is soon run through, and leaves many matters behind to settle.

She: "Do you believe in love at first sight?" Her: "Certainly, my dear; I've loved more than a hundred women at first sight."

Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is always off.

Fur and Sealskin Garments.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at such wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed Free.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 5, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis		.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache		.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo		.25
10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach		.25
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13	Whites, too Profuse Periods		.25
14	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing		.25
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16	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains		.25
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18	Piles, Blind or Bleeding		.50
19	Catarrh, acute or chronic; Influenza		.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs		.50
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A book that should be read by every father and mother, husband and wife. It opens the eyes of married and single to facts that all should know. It treats of adaptation of the sexes, single and wedded abuses, physiology of marriage, courtship, love—how to win it, and how to guard against its dangers, woman's follies, fascination, houses of sin, origin and cure of disease, married and single directory, and how to guard against them, etc.; 400 pages; beautifully printed and bound. Price, $2. H. LEWIS & CO., 129 S. Broad St., Phila., Pa.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS
in from one to 20 minutes.
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After reading this advertisement need any one
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Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the first,

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

If seized with threatened

PNEUMONIA,

or any Inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, etc., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and save the patient by its action of counter-irritation, and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instructions, see our directions wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

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For the Cure of all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Venereal Diseases, (see our Book on Venereal—price, 25 cts), Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diseases, Kidneys, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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Hundreds of maladies spring from this complaint. The symptoms of this disease are the symptoms of a broken down stomach, Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Acid stomach, Pain after Eating, —giving rise sometimes to the most excruciating colic,—Pyrosis, or Water Brash, etc., etc., etc.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN,

Aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, is a cure for this complaint. It restores strength to the stomach, and makes it perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicines according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

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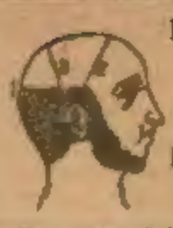

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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Every Christmas we make the little folks a Christmas Present. This year we have something nice and pretty. To introduce our goods in every home we will send to any boy or girl **free of charge**, if you will send 10c. for postage, &c., 3 pretty Dolls with beautiful life-like features, pretty curls and blue eyes or large and dark eyes, and wardrobe of 32 Dresses, Hats, &c; one elegant gilt-bound floral Autograph Album illustrated with birds, flowers, scrolls, &c., five lovely Christmas Cards, one pretty Birthday Card and a top. Illustrated Holiday Book. ACME MFG. CO., Ivoryton, Conn.

FREE CHRISTMAS PACKAGE.

To introduce our goods and secure future trade, we will send you free of charge, if you will send 10c. to stamps for postage, &c., 5 pretty Christmas Cards, 5 nice New Year Cards, 1 lovely Birthday Card, a beautiful gilt-bound floral Autograph Album illustrated with birds, flowers, forms, &c., a handsome Photographic Portrait of all the Presidents of the United States neatly arranged in an album with a facsimile Autograph of each; also our new Holiday Book. Address J. W. BABCOCK & CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.

$16 BREECH LOADER GUNS $12 MUZZLE LOADER

POWELL'S Breech Loading Shot Guns (Front Action) Twist Steel Barrels, Side Lever Action. Warranted good shooters or no sale.

Double Breech Gun has Rib Locks, guaranteed

Our $15 Muzzle Loader now only $12.

Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Pistols, Watches, Knives, etc. See it before you buy.

P. Powell & Son, 180 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

4% LONG LOANS.

Principal need never be repaid

so long as interest is kept up. *Personal security only for interest.* Honest poor or men of moderate means can send 6 cents for particulars, loan forms, etc. Address T. GARDNER, Manager, Palace Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

50 CARDS NEW STYLES NAME WITH 10 cts.

10 packs of beautiful new gold hand, etc. chromo cards and all these elegant premiums only $1. Samples 6 cts.

PRIZE CARD CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

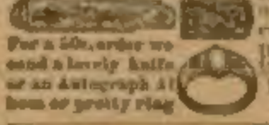
FREE TO LADIES ONLY.

To introduce "Happy Days," our new 16p. Illust'd Magazine, we will send free to any lady sending 10c. in stamps for 3 months subscription, 2 **Ladies' Large Size Waterproof Gossamer Garments** with catalogue of other rubber goods, provided they show them to their friends and endeavor to induce other sales. One cent stamps preferred. Pub. Happy Days, Hartford, Conn.

FREE Silks for Patchwork.

Any lady sending 14 2c. stamps for three months subscription to the Home Guest, our Popular Literary Magazine, we will present free 1 package beautiful assorted Silk Blocks for patchwork, 1 package Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 1 Lovely Penpoint Silk Handkerchief, size 20 x 28, and 1 Book of Fancy Work, new stitches, designs, &c. THE H. L. HINCKLEY CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

60 Cards



For a 50c. order we send a lovely knife or an Autograph Album or pretty ring

Fine Chromos, your name on, 10c. by mail, 15 hidden name new kind, 20c. 25 plain gold edge 10c. Agents wanted, big pay. Send 6c. for beautiful sample to canvass with. ROLLEY CARD WORKS, Meriden, Conn.

WANTED A WOMAN

of sense, energy and respectability for our business in her locality. SALARY $35 to $50 per week each'd. GAY BROS., 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

216 SCRAP PICTURES.

30 Designs for Fancy Work, 2 large French Doll Heads, 10 Beautiful Embossed Motto, 48-page Book. All for 10 cents (silver). W. H. SIZER, 7 Warren St., N. Y.

The Biggest Thing Out Illustrated Book Sent Free

(new) E. NASON & Co., 120 Fulton St., New York.

WANTED—Persons to do writing at their homes. Good pay. Send 10 cents for paper, etc., to J. H. NICHOLSON, 63 Clinton Place, New York.

40 Hidden Name, Perfumed and Embossed Cards, Pocket Calendar and new Samples, all 10c. 13 pks and Agents Outfit, H. Clinton & Co., North Haven, Ct.

40 CARDS, all covered name, Silk Fringed, Gilt Edge Hidden Motto and Embossed, with name 10c., 3 pks and present 30c. West & Co., New Haven, Ct.

ESCAPES OF GREAT MEN.

DURING the civil war, a young soldier was stationed with his regiment at Leicester at the time of its memorable siege. Sentinel duty was extremely hazardous, and recourse was had to drawing by lot the names of the new guard.

One night this young soldier's name was drawn. He was a mere boy of seventeen years; danger was nothing to him, and in a moment more he would have gone on duty, but a young friend, tired of inactivity in the camp, begged to go in his place, and he was allowed to do so.

That night the substitute was shot. The young seventeen-year-old whose place he took lived to become afterwards the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," the world-wide famous John Bunyan.

Nearly a hundred years ago, three young officers might have been seen struggling with the turning tide and nearly drowning off the island of St. Helena. One of them in particular was peculiarly helpless. Yet he was saved, and afterwards became the world-renowned warrior, Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

In the last century a young fellow landed from an English ship at Bombay. He had a mean, poorly-paid position in the great East India Company's service. Disgusted with his prospects and hopeless, half-sick and angry at "fate," he walked out of the city and put a revolver to his ear.

Snap! It failed to go off. Returning to his room he repeated the experiment. Snap! It failed to go off the second time; and the disheartened man, feeling that even death was against him, laid the pistol on the table.

Soon after a friend came in, took up the weapon pointed it out of the window, and snap—it went off! The would-be suicide afterwards live to become Lord Clive, the conqueror of all India, the master of millions of people.

Two friends were walking along a highway in Germany, chatting together. A black cloud rolled up, and a terrific storm of thunder and lightning was quickly upon them. They were instantly drenched, for there was no shelter.

Suddenly a bolt shot out of the cloud and struck one of the friends dead on the spot. The other was Martin Luther, afterwards the founder of the "Reformation," and the most conspicuous character of his century.

A monkey stole into a gentleman's house, in Huntington, and snatched a baby out of the cradle, carrying the child to the top of the roof. Every moment the alarmed servants expected to see the baby tossed to the ground.

The attempts to rescue the child only served to madden the monkey. At last, in perfect safety, by an impulsive freak of kindness on the part of the animal, the future Oliver Cromwell, the baby in question, was returned to the empty cradle.

COURTING STICKS.—In early New England days, as far back as the middle of the 18th century, when hospitality was a practice as well as a virtue, there was in most houses only one small assembly room, and there the family and all the guests and chance callers gathered on winter nights about the blazing fire logs.

We know that youth was youth and love was love, and young men were timid and maidens were shy, and courtship went on in those days.

How was courtship possible in this common room, where every word was heard and every look taken notice of?

We read that in the winter evenings for the convenience of young lovers since there was no "next" room, courting sticks were used; that is, long wooden tubes that could convey from lip to ear sweet and secret whispers.

It is a charming picture that this calls up of life in a Puritan household, this tubular lovemaking, the pretty girl (nearly every girl is pretty in the firelight of long ago) seated in one stiff high-back chair, and the staid but blushing lover in another, handling the courting-stick, itself an open confession of complaisance, if not of true love. Would the young man dare to say, "I love you," through a tube, and would he feel encouraged by the laughing, tender eyes of the girl when she replied through the same passage, "Do tell!" Did they have two sticks, so that one end of one could be at the ear and the end of the other at the mouth all the while?

How convenient, when the young man got more ardent than was seemly, as the flip went round, for the girl to put her thumb over the end of the tube and stop the flow of soul!

Did the young man bring his stick; and so announce his intention, or did the young lady always keep one or a pair on hand; and so reveal both willingness and expectation?

It was much more convenient than the telephone, with its "hello" and proclamation to all listeners at the end of the line.

SIX months after marriage the husband tells his wife in one of those outbursts of confidence in which the married man sometimes indulges, that there is no living with her. And only half a year ago he was telling the same woman that there was no living without her. How fickle some people are, to be sure!

A BRUTAL punishment, called "the frog's march," was lately inflicted upon a private in the Royal Marines at Walmer, England. He was compelled to march with face downwards—that is, "frog-marched"—from Deal to Walmer, and became so exhausted that he died.

Facetiæ.

Why are blind persons the most likely to be compassionate? Because they feel for other persons.

It has been remarked that some give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.

At 20 it is easy enough to see how fortunes can be made. At 50 it is still easier to see how you have not made one.

A scientific journal asserts that the ear of a clam is at the base of the foot. It must be funny to see a clam walking around listening for earthquakes.

It takes twenty-six years for a man to become a physician in Germany. Land is scarce over there, and they can't spare much space for cemetery lots.

"The New York market is extensively supplied with foreign eggs." We thought our fathers cast off the foreign yoke for good more than a hundred years ago.

Billy's little sister had fallen and hurt her nose, and she cried a great deal over it. Hearing his mother tell her to be careful lest she'd spoil it next time, he said, "What's the good of a nose to her? She never blows it."

A minister is after the society editor of one of the dailies, because an item which should have read, "The spirit moved him to go out of town for a season," appeared in print, "The Sheriff moved him to go out of town for a reason."

"Your Honor," said the prisoner to the judge, "this policeman arrested me while I was quietly attending to my own business, and making no noise or disturbance whatever." "What is your business?" asked the judge. "Your Honor, I'm a burglar."

A sneak thief, caught in a dwelling, escaped by saying that he was a physician who had been called to the house. The people were dreadfully frightened. When they took him for a thief, they feared for their valuables; but when he said he was a physician, they trembled for their lives.

While a Burlington girl was singing "Flee as a Bird" to her young man, a sudden noise disturbed her, and she turned around just in time to see her father chucking the young man through the window. He apologized for his slowness to take a hint the next time he met her, and explained that he thought she was only fooling.

A circus man in Europe has a new way of raising money. He rattles off his African lion at each town he visits. In this style of raffle the victim is the unfortunate winner. "Take your lion," says the honest circus man as he goes to open the cage. The crowd stampedes. The unlucky owner who finds he cannot buy the cage, generally pays the circus man to keep the brute.

ROBUST HEALTH

Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor, is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of **Scrofulous** and **Mercurial** impurities and the pollution of **Contagious Diseases.** It also neutralizes the poisons left by **Diphtheria** and **Scarlet Fever,** and enables rapid recuperation from the enfeeblement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "veldt-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

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70 Chromo Cards and Temperance's Poems mailed for 10c in stamps. Acme Mfg. Co, Tiverton, Ct.

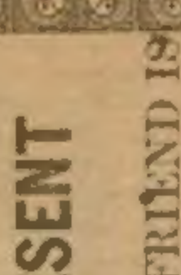
THE VERY BEST PRESENT

YOU CAN MAKE A FRIEND IS

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

—TO—

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST"



GENUINE NEWLY DISCOVERED VENEZUELA DIAMONDS. SET IN SOLID GOLD BRIGHT BRILLIANT BEAUTIFUL

74¢ YOUR CHOICE ONLY 74¢

The above cut represents 6 of the latest and most popular designs which we manufacture in the ring line. Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 5 are the new and wonderful Venezuela Diamonds, set in SOLID ROLLED GOLD stock of our own manufacture. VENEZUELA DIAMONDS are a new discovery. They bear very close resemblance to REAL DIAMONDS, in fact, so much so that the difference can only be determined by a clever expert; they have no foil on the back to give them lustre, but possess the brilliant scintillating rays only found in rare old mine diamonds. Nos. 2 and 6 are the ever popular Heart and round Wedding Rings, and no blushing bride need feel ashamed to wear them at the altar. They are made of our best 18 K. ROLLED GOLD stock and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. We wish to call particular attention to Nos. 1 and 3, the HORSESHOE and CLOVER LEAF or SHAMROCK, both are emblems of good luck and have been from time immemorial. The HORSESHOE has been worn in the shape of scarf-pins, rings, earrings, etc., for years, a great many people believing that it brings them good luck. The clover leaf or shamrock in comparatively new, it is not only an emblem of good luck, but also an emblem "of that beautiful Isle beyond the sea," Ireland. This ring is still the rage with swell society in N. Y., and is the most popular and saleable ring we manufacture. Nos. 4 and 5 DUPLEX and SOLITAIRE are both very pretty and neat. We make you the following Astonishing Offer. You may select any one of the above rings for 74 cts. or 3 for $2. We will send promptly by return mail on receipt of letter containing P. O. Stamps or cash. We make this liberal offer simply as an OPENING WEDGE for future business. We are satisfied that after you have once seen our beautiful rings you will show them to your friends, and distribute our bundle of catalogues of SOLID GOLD JEWELRY, Watches, etc. This will undoubtedly bring us new trade from that section when you realize as the holidays approach. Then you can easily see how we can afford to sell the above goods at less than regular prices. This offer holds good until 90 days from date, after which time we will sell you SOLID GOLD JEWELRY at catalogue prices only. When ordering 3 rings for $2, if you will take the trouble to enclose the NAMES of 5 young people whom you think would like to receive our new Catalogue, we will enclose along with goods a BEAUTIFUL PRESENT absolutely free. When ordering, send ring size of paper slip of ring wanted, also this advertisement; send 74 cts., P. O. Stamps for 1 or a 2 DOLLAR BILL for 3. MAMMOTH CATALOGUE of Solid Gold Jewelry Free. Address all Orders to Office and Salesroom.

WARREN MFG CO., Manufacturing Jewelers, 9 Warren St., New York.

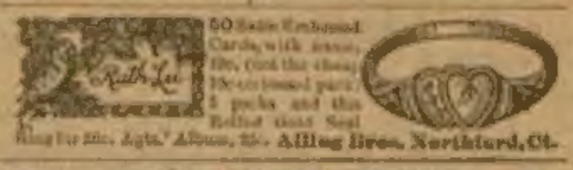
CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS, DICE, &c.

A SURE THING! Sent Free to Anyone.—I manufacture and keep constantly on hand every article used by the sporting fraternity to WIN with in games of chance. Send for illustrated circular. Address RIT BUYDAM, 64 and 67 Nassau Street, New York City.

FISH SEINES. Shot Guns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. Large Ill. Catalogue free. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

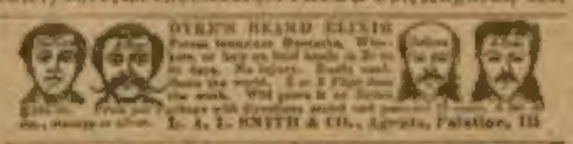


50 Satin Embossed Cards, with name, 10c. Cut this out. We are issued part. 3 packs and the Rolled Gold Seal Ring for 50c. Agts' Album, 25c. Allieg Bros. Northford, Ct.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Outfits from $3.00 to $500.00. SIMPLE. EASY. PROFITABLE. 80 page Catalogue for 10 cents. NATIONAL TYPE CO., Philad'a, Pa.

A Prize Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.



AYER'S BEARD ELIXIR. L. A. L. SMITH & CO., Agents, Palatine, Ill.

SALARY Paid Local or Traveling Salesmen to sell our Kitchen Specialties to the trade. State salary wanted and address The Clipper Mfg. Co. Limited, Cincinnati, O.

YOUR NAME on 50 all Hidden Name and Embossed Chromo Cards 10c. They are Beauties; 6 packs and Rolled Gold Ring 50c.; 10 packs and Four Blade Pearl Handle Knife $1. Agent's Outfit 10c. Address Hub Card Co., Boston, Mass.

SURE CURE for epilepsy (fits) or spasms free to the poor. Dr. Kruse, 223 Hickory St., St. Louis, Mo.

50 Enameled Chromo Cards for 1885, name on, 10c. Present with each p'k. Potter & Co, Montowese, Ct.

50 Splendid Chromos (10 name, 10cts.; 3 packs and Rolled Gold Ring 50c. F. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED.

CARDS. 50 Best Chromo Cards, name on in New Style Type, 50 Selections for Autograph Albums, 10 New Games, 100 Latest Songs, 6 Samples, all for 10c. 6 pk's and Plated Ring free, for 60c. Agents wanted. Nelson Card Co., Waltham, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.—It will pay persons wanting profitable employment to write for extra terms for the best and fastest-selling Pictorial Books, Bibles and Albums, to National Publishing Co., Philada., Pa., and Chicago, Ill.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Stem-Winding Musical Watch.

Each Watch is finely made, silver plated, and the greatest novelty ever offered to the boys and girls of America. It is a COMPLETE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, and has the exact shape of a watch, with Music Box attachment concealed within, so arranged that when wound at the stem plays one of the following tunes: "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Sweet River," "Carnival of Venice," "Grandfather's Clock," and a Waltz. The notes, time, and tunes are correct. It instructs and entertains both old and young. On receipt of 30 cts. will send it by mail, post-paid. Just think of it! A Music Box for 30 cents. You will be delighted with it. Address Send P. O. STAMPS. SHERWOOD & CO. 4 WATCHES FOR $1. BOX 63, WILLIAMSBURG N. Y.

DR. LINQUIST'S

Spinal Misses' Waist,.....$1 75
Spinal Corset,..... 3 00
Spinal Nursing Corset,.... 2 25
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Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted. Dr. Linquist's Spinal Corset Co., 412 B'way, New York.

ALL FOR 10 CENTS!

3 Elegant French Doll Heads, 1 Elegant Gilt Plated Badge, 15 Pleasant Games, 1 Pocket Book, 225 Scrap Pictures, 100 Album Quotations. Send 10cts. silver to SHERWOOD & CO., Box 63, Williamsburg, N. Y.

DIVORCES ABSOLUTE DIVORCE without publicity for persons residing throughout the United States, for desertion, non-support, intemperance, cruelty, incompatibility, &c. Advice free. State your case and address Attorney Ward, World Building, 237 Broadway, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SOMETHING at once novel and unique in handkerchiefs is shown this season. They are composed of pure Irish linen, and have deep borders striped with fine hemstitching, giving the appearance of poncil striped borders at a short distance, but showing the beauty and neatness of the openwork hemstitch on close observance.

Another design has a centre of grass linen, very sheer, and come in white and delicate tints of pink, blue, gold and ecru, and having borders hand-embroidered with representations of birds and domestic animals, while others again have fruit and floral designs in exquisite workmanship.

A very expensive grade of handkerchief is composed of silk India mull in cream white tints and has bordering of duchesse, escurial, Newport or Brussels net, or the new hand-made Mexican lace, which is wrought, however, by skilful needle-women in this country, and derives its name from its perfect imitation of the lace made in Mexico by the natives.

Very few of the old-time plain linen handkerchiefs are used in this era of novel designs.

Gay, and even gorgeous, confections of this kind are taking the place of those now considered antiquated articles of toilet paraphernalia, both for ladies and gentlemen.

For the ornamentation of parlors, the present holiday exhibit has developed a new departure in shape of baskets and vases of artificial flowers, when even a student of nature could not detect were imitations only, except by handling.

For instance, a basket having a handle twined with smilax vines, ivy or myrtle is filled with genuine wood moss, that has been dyed to preserve its natural greenness, which otherwise would fade and turn to a dismal yellowish brown.

Upon this foundation some leaves are strown as if shaken naturally from the trees, and then a few different varieties of ferns are scattered at intervals over the surface, as if having taken root from the moss; among these are placed wild lilies of the valley and violets, being careful to avoid hiding the moss and ferns by too profuse a quantity of the flowers.

When completed thus, and placed upon a flower basket or shelf, it is impossible to tell them from a basket of natural flowers, when, in reality, everything is art except the moss, and even that has been colored to preserve it intact.

Baskets of roses and pansies are built up in the same manner from foundations of moss and garden plants.

Another style is to have all tropical plants and ferns, also palms of different varieties, placed in a large china jardiniere, decorated upon the outside to match them.

Night blooming cereus, century plants, and tropical feather grasses, the latter being the only natural productions among them, large vases of Fall asters, golden rod and sumac plumes are also made up for parlor decoration.

These, however, are not artificial, except the coloring which is done so artistically as to give the appearance of having caught their hues from nature itself.

A very pretty fancy for wall decorations is to take the photographs or paintings of celebrities or friends and surround them by an ebony frame, painted in white and delicately tinted flowers, and then twine the outside edge of the frame with running vines mingled with fine blossoms. The wire by which it is hung is also covered with flowers and foliage.

Decorated glass flower-holders, having a pond at the base, made by coating the back of the glass with a preparation of quicksilver, differing sufficiently from a mirror to imitate water, are covered with pond lilies, which have the appearance of floating upon the clear surface of a lake or pond. This vase is generally square in shape and is placed upon a table or mantel shelf, where it is shown to the best advantage.

Baskets of heliotrope and mignonette, brightened by gorgeous pansies and Jacque roses, are also made in perfect imitation of nature, and are even carried at the belt by young ladies in evening full dress, and passed off by the fair wearers for real. But as this is a perfectly harmless piece of deception, perhaps it is a little cruel to expose such clever artifice.

These artificial decorations cost all the way from $2 to $25, according to size and quality.

Some new and very quaint devices are shown in perfume cases.

The outsides are of ebonized wood or inlaid pearl, made in form of a safe, with brackets upon the inside of the doors for the bottles; inside this miniature safe is a soft bed of velvet, satin or plush, upon which very highly ornamented cut-glass barrels, having faucets by which to draw the perfumes, are placed.

The perfume is generally added by the donor of the case, and is of the most delicate character, such as Marechal Niel rose and Alpine violet. With this case a tiny atomizer belongs, which is also cut in shape of a barrel.

For evening toilets the undressed kid gloves or long silk lace mitts will again be in favor.

If the costume is pink, salmon, ecru or blue, the mitts must be of the same tint. For darker shades and black the mitts should be cardinal, gold or garnet.

Most of the opera lengths of undressed kids are in the one favorite color between tan and fawn. For white or cream shaded costumes black, either in mitts or gloves will be an fait for balls and opera wear.

Large feather pompons, composed of either bird plumage, marabout or ostrich tips, in bright fancy colors, will be used for garnishing the corsages of ball costumes, and also for ornamenting the coiffure.

Very little lace will be employed for finishing the Pompadours and V-shaped corsages on evening toilets, a plain band of real lace having the preference, and usurping the portentous ruffs and ruchings worn the past seasons.

Elderly matrons will cover their Pompadours with a collarette of lace and ribbon, or a half handkerchief of black or white Brussels embroidered net, and fastened at the bust with a brooch of diamonds or other gems of their preference.

The extremely low corsages which some of the ultra-fashionable adopted last winter have been, it is averred, tabooed, and a style much more within the limits of decency put in their places.

Corset waists have also gone the way of all the earth, and are buried in the same grave with extremely delicate corsages.

Entire lace fronts are sure to be much in vogue for ball and party costumes. Some of these are drawn into massive folds and puffs, and caught at intervals with colored bead ornaments or metallic daggers, stars or buds.

A large knot of ribbon falls from the left side, brought down from the shoulder sometimes, and in other instances originating at the bust, where the Pompadour ends.

Lace net, dotted with gold, silver or colored glass beads, is brought to a fan-shaped point at the bottom of the skirt, and fastened with a knot of ribbons in the same shade as the material of which the dress is composed.

With these toilets the transparent crepe lisse fans, hand-painted in gilt or silver flowers, are carried, the frames being of carved amber or tortoise shell, and also transparent.

There are numerous quaint devices in pocketbooks and card cases. Fancy leathers, beautifully finished upon the surface, and hand-painted with artistic scenic effects, are attractions against which no lady is proof.

Such dainty trifles are very appropriate gifts, as well as acceptable ones, as Christmas offerings, and the earlier they are purchased, the less inconvenience and annoyance the buyers will be subjected to.

Very soon stores will swarm with customers and sight-seers, and with such crowds comes necessary delay at the counters as well as long "waits" for the return of packages and change from the cashiers' desks.

Fur bags, composed of fox, marten, beaver, otter and seal skin, are very popular, or will be, if one can judge by the quantities shown at large importing houses. Some of these are made as a combined muff and bag, and others simply as a satchel for the handkerchief and nick-nacks which cumber a lady on her rounds of shopping and visiting.

Fireside Chat.

HOW TO MAKE SAUCES.

A GREAT French cook, Brillat Savarin, once said: "You may learn to cook, but it requires genius to make sauce." Another great Frenchman, often quoted—Talleyrand—said that "England was a country with twenty-four religions and one sauce"—melted butter.

You will see, therefore, that people, who understand the subject do not consider sauce-making very easy work. Nevertheless, we will do our best with it, and I daresay we shall be able to produce something which will satisfy our friends, even though we cannot boast either genius or infallibility.

You will understand that we are not talking now about gravy, but about sauces. Gravy is the juice of meat, but sauce is a liquid served with food to improve its flavor.

Sauces are generally looked upon as rather elaborate preparations. Some of them are so, and exceedingly delicious into the bargain.

All sorts of condiments and flavors enter into their preparation, and the result is the production of delicate combinations of unheard-of and far-fetched luxuries, which it requires the acquired taste of an epicure to appreciate, while no inquiries must be made about the cost thereof.

With sauces of this kind I must decline to have anything whatever to do. Let people who want them, and can afford to pay for them, engage professionals to make them.

I would very much rather devote my energies to helping girls who are trying to prepare good, wholesome, and appetising sauce for their friends at a moderate cost. If only I can give a few hints which will prove of use to those who are doing this in perplexity and difficulty, I shall be quite satisfied in this direction; in fact, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain, and, as poor Artemus Ward said, I should not like to live in vain—I would rather live in London.

One reason why even moderate sauces are looked at with suspicion is, that the cooks who make them will prepare such a large quantity at a time. They will not be content with making enough and no more. I went to dine with a friend the other day, and four of us sat down to dinner. Amongst other good things we had roast fowls, bread sauce, and the ubiquitous melted butter. I am speaking within the mark when I say that there was not less than a pint of bread sauce and a pint and a quarter of melted butter.

What a waste this was, both of time and material. Not a quarter of a pint of either sauce was used; but I could not help wondering what became of that which was sent downstairs.

I have very little doubt that if we could have ascertained its ultimate destination, we should have discovered that it was thrown away. One or two experiences of this kind are enough to make any housekeeper avoid sauce.

It was so unnecessary, too. An ounce of butter, three-quarters of an ounce of flour, and half a pint of water would have made melted butter for twice the number of people, while three ounces of butter for the same measure of water would have been an ample allowance.

Then as to the method of making that melted butter. Now, I can fancy some one saying, "Surely you are not going to tell us how to make melted butter? We all know that." If you do, I apologise; but I beg to assure you that your knowledge is not universal. It is a very unusual thing to see well-made melted butter. It is our one English sauce, yet it is rarely properly prepared.

One would think that there was no room for variety of procedure with simple ingredients like those required here; yet I am merely stating a fact when I say that melted butter is seldom well made.

At the risk, therefore, of saying what may be regard as unnecessary, I must ask to be allowed to describe how I should make melted butter, if I were asked to do so.

I should take a small saucepan (not an iron one, for iron is not suited to the purpose), melt an ounce of butter in it, draw the pan to one side, and stir in three-quarters of an ounce of flour (remembering always that in making sauce we must take more butter than we do flour).

I should beat the mixture with the back of a wooden spoon until it was quite smooth. Sauce with lumps in it is objectionable, and now is the time to dispose of the lumps. I should then pour in, gradually, half a pint of cold water, stirring the sauce all the time, and keep stirring it till it boiled, add a little salt and pepper or a grate of nutmeg if liked, let the sauce boil for three minutes, and it would be ready. The liquid should coat the spoon.

Sauce thus made is fairly good as it is. It would, however, be very considerably improved if a little cold butter were stirred into it off the fire just before it was served. The quantity of butter thus added at the last moment might vary according to the degree of richness required.

It must be remembered, however, that the sauce should not boil after the cold butter is added, and that it should be put in at the last minute. Many cooks break up the butter into small pieces in order to make it melt quickly.

Melted butter is the basis of a great many sauces, and it is astonishing what variations may be introduced into it. A little lemon-juice or white wine vinegar may be added to it, or a tablespoonful of cream may be stirred in at the moment of serving.

The addition of the yolk of one egg will convert it into sauce blanche—excellent for serving with cauliflower.

If two or even three eggs are added with lemon-juice the sauce will be further improved.

A dessertspoonful of washed and picked parsley, finely shred and thrown into melted butter, makes it into maitre d'hotel sauce, suitable for boiled mutton or new potatoes boiled.

Or chopped fennel, blanched and chopped tarragon, pickled shrimps, anchovy essence, bruised capers, onion pulp, chopped onion, hard-boiled eggs, or gherkins finely minced, may be stirred in, and the melted butter will thus be converted into fennel, tarragon, shrimp, anchovy, caper, onion, egg, or a variety of *piquante* sauce.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Correspondence.

C. B.—Jay Gould is married and has sons old enough to be in business.

MONITOR.—Yes; by an old law of England every one was bound to go to church on certain days in the year. The Act is not now enforced.

W. T. W.—"Astonied" is a good old word and may be used in place of "astonished," but only a person of unexceptionable literary taste would use it well.

ADMIRER.—1. Rather doubtful. 2. Perhaps he is a bashful man. You ought to be able to tell by his manner if he cares for you. Perhaps if you had another admirer it might wake him up.

A. L.—1. Mardi Gras, or "fat Tuesday," is the day immediately preceding Ash Wednesday, and which in many countries is celebrated as a day of wild festivity. 2. No. Not at all, provided the ice is safe and your friends approve.

H. COWLAND.—For tender feet the best treatment is to bathe the feet daily in tepid water, drying well, and wearing very thick socks or stockings, as well as easy-fitting boots. For corns try the following:—Wash the feet every night, and smear the every morning with soap, olive-oil, or glycerine, if the corns are hard ones.

VINE.—Ingenuity is not in the abstract a marketable commodity. If you can show your ingenuity in your own trade, or any other, you may succeed in obtaining its worth in money; but to ask whether "there is any demand for ingenuity in Philadelphia" argues a sadly unpractical way of looking at things and a poor state of mind. Why want to change your craft? Properly worked, it is a very good one.

B. R. T.—To get rid of ants which infest your house, take a sponge slightly moist and sprinkle it with dry white sugar. The little creatures will soon congregate in the cells of the sponge, and may then be destroyed by being plunged into boiling water. The sponge may then be squeezed out and treated again in a similar manner, the process being repeated as often as necessary to accomplish your object.

ALERT.—The fact of the lady having acknowledged the lifting of your hat to her would in no wise justify you in addressing her the next time you met, unless the first gave you some indication that such a proceeding on your part would be acceptable. If, as you say, "the fair one's feelings are affectionately inclined" towards you, she will not be long in giving you an opportunity of entering into conversation with her. Meantime, you must be patient.

A. B.—Amateur Chemist is totally misinformed. Neither chlorate nor chlorate of potassium is in any circumstances ignited by coming into contact with water. The metal potassium decomposes water and causes the ignition of the liberated hydrogen; but it is so dangerous a substance for the uninitiated that we strongly advise Amateur Chemist not to meddle with it until he has acquired a much larger stock of knowledge than his letter shows him at present to possess.

CLERK.—1. The expression "ex-dividend" means that the dividend due upon a share at the time it (the share) changes hands is not included in the purchase—that is to say, it goes to the seller, not to the buyer. Preferred stock is stock the holders of which have all the profits secured to them until a certain dividend has been paid to them. The term guaranteed is applied to stock in which the promise of a preferential dividend is very express. Ordinary stock is all stock which is neither preferential nor guaranteed.

R. T. D.—1. An aneurism is a tumor formed by the coat of an artery getting weakened by some cause and swelling out so as to form a pouch or sac. It beats under the finger like a pulse, and the beating is caused by a fresh quantity of blood being pushed into this sac with every stroke of the heart. If it be small, pressure on the artery above it will so far shut off the blood from it that it will be dazed or soft. The patient will often say that the tumor began to appear after some violent strain, when something appeared to give way. The aid of a competent physician is indispensable in cases of this kind, for aneurisms have been mistaken for abscesses lying upon a pulsating artery, and when opened under this impression to let out pus, the blood has gushed out from an aneurismal tumor, and the error has proved fatal. 2. Aneurism of the heart is a grave disease.

ERNESTINE.—The course proposed to you was the only honorable one in the circumstances. You—contrary to the intelligence with which nature endowed you—rejected the proposal. That being so all that has followed is of your own seeking. You have made a mistake which does not admit of any remedy on your part. The blunder is irreparable. The attempts you have already made to mend matters have made them worse; they must have done so. There is not a word to be said in extenuation of the language you used. Simply leave the business alone and try to forget it. Be wiser in future. If, later on it should appear to the person you have so grievously wronged and insulted that there is still room for forgiveness, steps may be taken—but not by you. Had you simply done your plain duty at the outset—namely, referred the man to your father—all would have been well. Nearly all the trouble and sorrow in the world comes of trying to be clever, instead of simply right.

DOLORES.—We should say that your trouble is purely mental. You say you have no pain, you eat and sleep well, and your health generally is good. But in a public assembly you begin to fancy that people are looking at you, and then you get "as red as a beetroot." In conversation, you find a great difficulty in looking people straight in the face. As soon as their eyes are turned upon you, yours are obliged to drop, and your voice trembles. You try to appear composed, and often make a good fight for it, but in the end you are always vanquished. From the tonics that, under medical advice, you have taken you have derived no benefit. The name of your malady is self-consciousness; the remedy for it is self-unconsciousness. The fact is that in endeavoring to save yourself from embarrassment by force of will you are on the wrong tack. The true antidote is to be found in self-forgetfulness. When the attack comes, you must elude it by concentrating all your attention on the conversation in which you are engaging, or the proceedings you are witnessing. We may add for your encouragement that very many people on the sunny side of five-and-twenty are troubled in the same way, and either outgrow the experience or overcome it in the way indicated.